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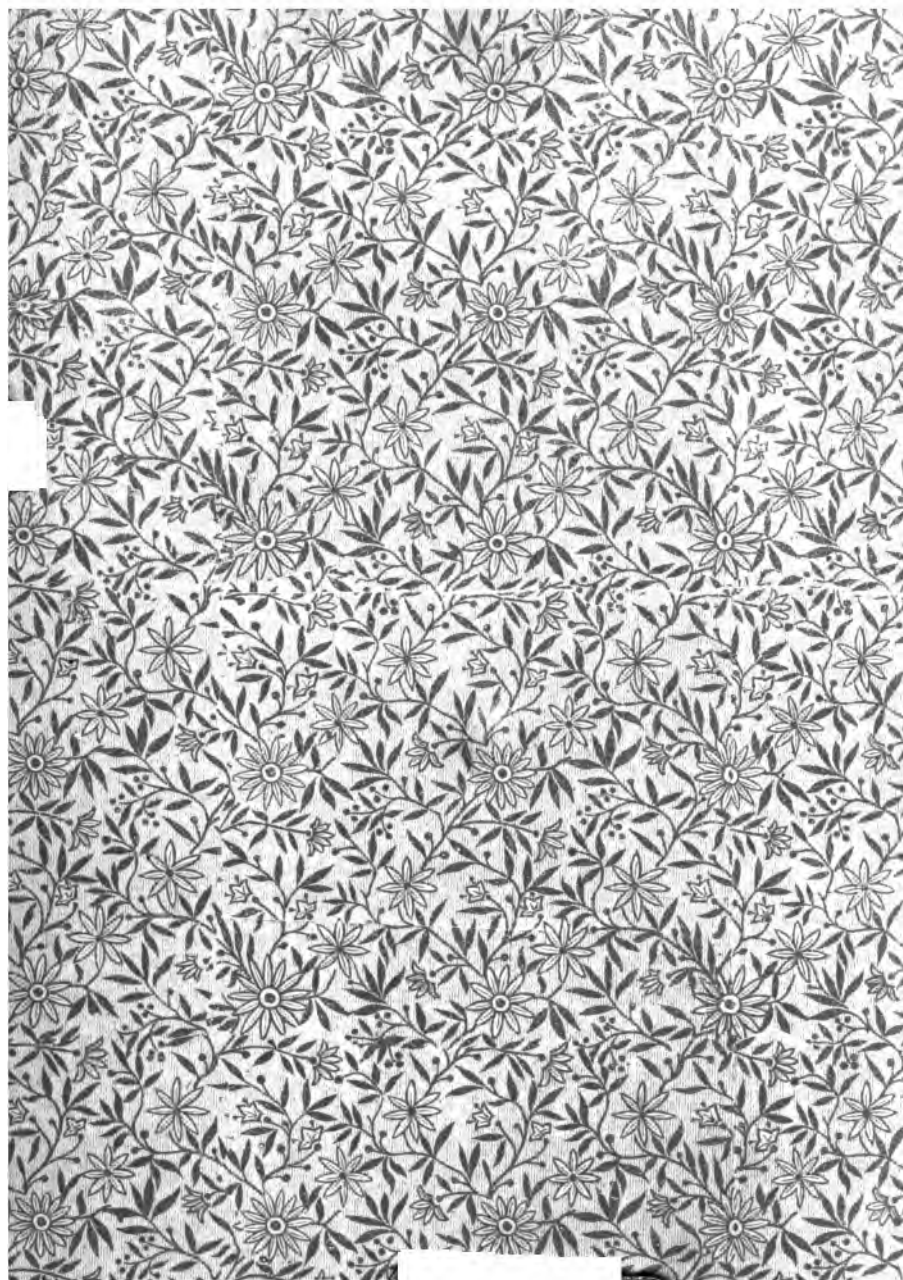
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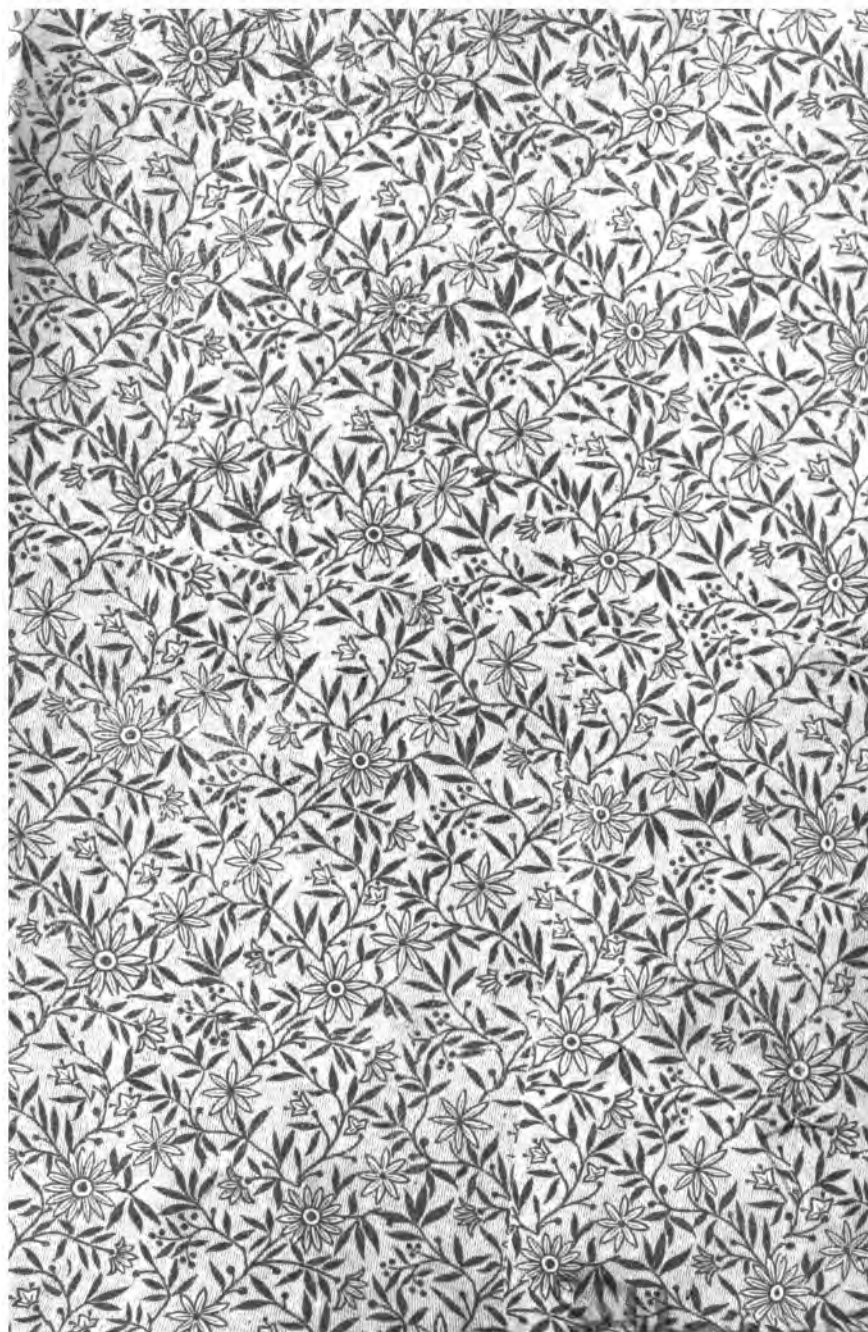
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★.Hon. Joseph H. Choate,

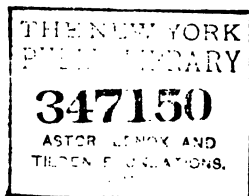
Mar. 21 1906

READING BOOK
OF
ENGLISH CLASSICS
FOR YOUNG PUPILS

SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD LITERATURE OF
ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY
Charles Wesley
C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D.D.

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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1887



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1879

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PREFACE

THIS compilation from the English Classics is intended to provide for young pupils a variety of reading exercises, and at the same time to make them acquainted with the names and works of great authors. While the selections are from the writings of recognized masters, they are such as boys and girls studying the common English branches can comprehend. By this rule of selection some of the noblest compositions must, of course, be excluded; but most of the great writers of England and America are represented,—a greater number, perhaps, than in any Reader heretofore published.

No argument is needed to demonstrate that such a course of reading is desirable for the young. If we would teach our pupils to read ideas as well as words, we must give them ideas to read; if we would train them to speak and write gracefully, we must place before them good models of language. It is association that gives culture. Children that are brought up in the company of high-minded men and women, are, as a rule, like minded; those that are familiar with noble speech, are generally well spoken.

The reading exercise in school should afford culture of mind and morals, as well as culture of voice. Dr. Hill, in his "True Order of Studies," says: "The reading books in schools, which were formerly made up by compilations of classic authors, are now too largely original compositions, or compilations from inferior writers." Such collections of scrap-book trifles and fugitive pieces, have no literary merit, and their use in the class-room serves no educational purpose. For our selections in reading let us have only the best. Let us draw from wells of "English undefiled," rather than sip at every shallow stream. We have,

"The old melodious lays
That softly melt the ages through;"

we have, in the literature of our mother tongue, treasures of thought, beauties of language, ideals of character, that are no less charming to the mind than elevating to the soul.

I trust that this book will be found worthy of more than a hasty reading; that it will not be "gone through" and laid aside in a season; that it will be adopted as a *text-book*, and used as such by teachers and pupils. Allusions to History and Literature should be explained by the teacher; excellencies of style should be pointed out; interesting facts about authors should be mentioned; derivations and meanings of words should be noted; lessons in morality and religion should be gathered from its pages. Besides learning to read all the selections well, the pupil should commit

to memory the noblest passages. There is much culture of mind and discipline of memory in learning, "by heart," the choice productions of master minds; and the treasures thus laid up in youth remain to be the comfort and delight of age.

The good paper and bold typography which the publishers have given us, were not adopted merely for the sake of appearance. My attention has frequently been called to the difficulty which children experience in reading fine print. Statistics shows that Myopia is fearfully on the increase in this and other countries, among school children; and that it is mostly due to the use of finely printed books. This book has been printed so as to avoid, as far as possible, all strain and damage to the eyes of the reader.

In the old English Reader, which was used in our childhood, and which many of us remember with gratitude, the objects of a Reading Book are happily set forth:—"To improve youth in the art of reading, to meliorate their language and sentiments, and to inculcate some of the most important principles of piety and virtue." With such an earnest purpose this Reading Book of English Classics has been prepared; and it is hoped that teachers will find in it not only a suitable variety of reading exercises, but also such refinement of thought and propriety of language as shall make it an educator of the mind and morals of their pupils.

American publishers have been very liberal in allowing the use of their copyright works, for which the editor returns his thanks. He is under especial

obligation to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., among whose publications we find the following authors, from whom quotations have been made, viz. : Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Howells, Longfellow, Lowell, Saxe, Taylor, Thoreau, Whittier.

C. W. L.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,
KNOXVILLE, ILL., *Jan.*, 1879.

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READING BOOK

OF

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(FROM THE SPECTATOR.*)

My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried: "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man." As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered him-

* The *Spectator*—a literary periodical, the first daily paper of its kind; 1711. It was conducted by Addison and Steele. *Shovel*—a distinguished English Admiral.

self again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby!* a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone under the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him

**Dr. Richard Busby*—the headmaster of Westminster school, 1640; said to have educated a greater number of distinguished men than any other teacher that ever lived. *Cecil*.—Secretary of State under Queen Elizabeth, 1558. *Sir Richard Baker*—Author of *Chronicles of the Kings of England*, a book very popular in his day. He wrote it while confined in Fleet prison for debt, 1620.

an answer, told him, that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward III's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb ; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil ;* and afterwards Henry IV's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since—"Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger ; "you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shin-

* *The evil*.—Scrofula or "king's evil," supposed to be cured by the touch of a king.

ing, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey. For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

A PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.*

* Pastoral love songs.

Pleased will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
And shoes lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
If these, these pleasures can thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1562-1592.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE
SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield ;
A honeyed tongue—a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon withered, broke, forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could Youth last, could Love still breed ;
Had joys no date, had age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.*
1552-1618.

COWPER'S TAME HARES.

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbor of mine, had a leveret given them for a plaything ; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance.

I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neigh-

* One of the most interesting characters in history.

bors that I was pleased with the present ; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them, Puss, Tiney, and Bess.

Puss grew presently familiar ; would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick,) and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health.

No creature could be more grateful than my patient, after his recovery ; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted ; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening ; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favorite repast.

I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for

the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away; and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way, even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gam-

bols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the *Vestris* * of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from the rest; and yet to a common observer the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had the opportunity to observe it.

These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell, in the choice of their favorites; to some persons, though they

* A celebrated Italian dancer, called the "God of Dancing."

saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think of some hurt in his loins, by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one, occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800

HOHENLINDEN.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun,
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

* Hohenlinden is a Bavarian village near Munich, where a battle was fought on the third of December, 1800, in which the French (Franks) under Moreau defeated the Austrians (Huns). The snow fell so thickly that the hostile armies could not see each other. The Iser is a tributary of the Danube.

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.
1777-1844.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(I SAMUEL, XVII, ABRIDGED)

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side : and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail ; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a

weaver's beam ; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron : and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array ? Am not I a Philistine and ye servants to Saul ? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me and to kill me, then will we be your servants ; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us. And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day ; give me a man, that we may fight together. When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Beth-lehem-judah, whose name was Jesse ; and he had eight sons : and the man went among men for an old man in the days of Saul. And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle : and David was the youngest, and the three eldest followed Saul, but David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren, an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren ; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge. Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up early in the morning and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him ; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his carriage in the hands of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words ; and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up ? surely to defy Israel is he come up : and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel. And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel ? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God ? And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men ; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither ? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the

wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause? And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him. And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he rose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said, moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also, he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his

sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go ; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these ; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip ; and his sling was in his hand : and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David ; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him, for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves ? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield ; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand : and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee ; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth ; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear : for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose,

and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted and pursued the Philistines, until thou come to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent.

THE BIBLE.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT.

(DROWNED IN A CHINA-TUB OF GOLD-FISHES.)

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,

Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but, 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain, to reach the prize
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between :
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,*
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard
A favorite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glistens gold.

THOMAS GRAY,
1716-1771.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know the walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.
Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,

* The Nereids, in Grecian mythology, were nymphs of the sea. They dwelt in grottoes and caves, and are sometimes represented as sitting on dolphins. They served Neptune and other deities of the sea.

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry song we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide our fiery barbs
Across the moonlight plains ;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
1794-1878.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her Majesty ate, (just at her elbow), and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor, near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessities, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than those in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house; these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal,—the eldest sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her Majesty used to put a bit of meat

upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself: and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal.

She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as large as two twelpenny-loaves. She drank out of a golden cup above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle: the spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together: I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court: and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him "brother," challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouth of court pages.

One day at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled at something I said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up, as I was sitting down not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears: and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch at that instant happened to be at the other end of the room; and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which were utterly spoiled.

The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favor: for, soon after, the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing; although, at the same time, she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him if I had not been so generous as to intercede.

Her Majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again on the dish erect, as it stood before.

The dwarf watching his opportunity when Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before anyone knew what was become of me, for I thought it below me to cry out.

I should have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents ; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box ; and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens ; and, my nurse having set me down (he and I being close together near some dwarf apple-trees), I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours.

Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears. One of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face ; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grassplot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over my body as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all-fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad for ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at; because, Nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, where my little nurse, believing she had put me in a safe place (which I often entreated her to do that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left the box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the spot where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me

gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word.

In a few minutes I came to myself; and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go abroad.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bound in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and

leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window.

I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box : but the monkey looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning and chattering, he at last espied me ; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted about to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out.

He took me up in his right fore-foot, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe, and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was opening it, whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the windows at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up a roof next to ours.

I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was

almost distracted. That quarter of the palace was all in an uproar. The servants ran for the ladders. The monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing: neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed; for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667-1745.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot ;
When the files
Of the isles [the rampant
From their smoky night encampment bore the banner of
Unicorn, [drummer,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the
Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,
And guns horizontal,
Stood our sires ;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires ;
As the roar
On the shore, [acres
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sodded
Of the plain ; [powder,
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red Saint George's
Cannoniers,
And the " villainous saltpetre "
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
'Round their ears ;

As the swift
Storm-drift
With hot, sweeping anger, came the Horse Guards' clangor
On our flanks ;
And higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks !

Then our old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud ;
His broad-sword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath, [pounder,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared our iron six-
Hurling death !

G. H. McMASTER.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay ;
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light, in softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November
rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
"Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast
the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief :

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1794-1878.

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children ; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth ; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money ; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation ; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind ; so that often,

when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, Don't give too much for the whistle; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levées, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining by that neglect, He pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, Alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, What a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for her whistle.

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1706-1790.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle ;
This dark and stormy water ?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.*

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

* *Heather*. The little shrub that abounds in the waste places of England and Scotland.

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief, I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady.

" And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking :
And in the scowl of Heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

" O haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
" Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh, my daughter !"

'Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.
1777-1844.

CRUSOE AND THE FOOTPRINT.

(FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.)

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the Print of a Man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand ; I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition ; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything ; I went up to a rising ground to look farther ; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy ; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot ; toe, heel, and every part of a foot ; how it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine.

But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way. •

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the road, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind, than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off.

I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the main land over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had

made the island ; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling in my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me ; then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here ; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers and devour me ; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope ; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto, could not preserve by His power the provision which He had made for me by His goodness ; I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground ; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of.

This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable: for I whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of His creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

DANIEL DE FOE.
1661-1731.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He took it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And when his juicy salads failed,
Slic'd carrots pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentle Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

WILLIAM COWPER.
1731-1800.

FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADALPHIA.

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey ; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing and want of rest : I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing ; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till,

near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls.

I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father ; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water ; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-

house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying pan, it smelt admirably well.

I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1706-1790.

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king !
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible scepter laden ;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king !

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king !
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified !—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair ;
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth, up to thy brow,
Philip, my king !
The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years !
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king ;—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king !

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold and gray ;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout
As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,
" Philip, the king ! "

DINAH M. MULOCK (MRS. CRAIK),
1826.

GIANT DESPAIR

(FROM THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.)

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was on his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me.

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, with-

out one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. They were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence; so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also, what he had best to do further with them. So she asked him, what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound? and he told her. Then she counseled him that, when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and, understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that

he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. For why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go.

With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits,) and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable! For my part I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life; and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

(*Hopeful.*) Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide. But yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person: much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou

talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life."

And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand.

With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition. Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive: at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel? To

which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves. Then said she, take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again! and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before.

Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end; and with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about mid-night, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good

Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard; yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's Highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628-1688.

THE BIRD AT THE PRISON BARS.

(FROM THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.)

A Light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track :
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before ;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done ;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me !

I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine—
Or if it were, in mingled guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile !—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;

But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew ;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

LORD BYRON,
1788–1824.

A COUNTRY WALK IN ENGLAND.

On one of those delicious autumnal days, when the air, the sky, and the earth seemed lulled into an universal calm, softer and milder even than May, we sallied forth for a walk, avoiding the bright and sunny common and the gay highroad, and stealing through shady and unfrequented lanes.

The harvest is nearly over, the fields are deserted, the silence may almost be felt. Except the wintry

notes of the red-breast, Nature herself is mute. But how beautiful, how gentle, how harmonious, how rich ! The rain has preserved to the herbage all the freshness and verdure of spring, and the world of leaves has lost nothing of its midsummer brightness, and the harebell is on the banks, and the woodbine in the hedges, and the low furze, which the lambs cropped in the spring, has burst again into its golden blossoms.

All is beautiful that the eye can see ; perhaps the more beautiful for being shut in with a forest-like closeness. We have no prospect in this labyrinth of lanes, cross-roads, mere cart-ways, leading to the innumerable little farms into which this part of the parish is divided. Uphill or down, these quiet woody lanes scarcely give us a peep at the world, except when, leaning over a gate, we look into one of the small enclosures, hemmed in with hedgerows, so closely set with growing timber, that the meady opening looks almost like a glade in a wood, or when some cottage, planted at a corner of one of the little greens formed by the meeting of these cross-ways, almost startles us by the unexpected sight of the dwellings of men in such a solitude.

Ah ! here is the hedge along which the periwinkle wreathes and twines so profusely, with its evergreen leaves shining like the myrtle, and its starry blue flowers. It is seldom found wild in this part of England ; but, when we do meet with it, it is so abundant and so welcome—the very robin red-breast of flowers, a winter friend. Unless in those unfrequent frosts which destroy all vegetation, it blossoms

from September to June, surviving the last lingering crane's-bill, forerunning the earliest primrose, hardier even than the mountain daisy—peeping out from beneath the snow, looking at itself in the ice, smiling through the tempests of life, and yet welcoming and enjoying the sunbeams.

The little spring that has been bubbling under the hedge all along the hillside, begins, now that we have mounted the eminence and are imperceptibly descending, to deviate into a capricious variety of clear, deep pools and channels, so narrow and so choked with weeds that a child might overstep them. The hedge has also changed its character. It is no longer the close, compact vegetable wall of hawthorn, and maple, and briar-roses, intertwined with bramble and woodbine, and crowned with large elms or thickly set saplings. No! the pretty meadow which rises high above us, backed and almost surrounded by a tall coppice, needs no defence on our side but its own steep bank, garnished with tufts of broom, with pollard oaks wreathed with ivy, and here and there with long patches of hazel overhanging the water.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.
1789-1855.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land;

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice rolls forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !

And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

MRS. HEMANS.
1793-1835.

AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS.

(FROM GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.)

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north.

What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile be-

fore I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening.

I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants ; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours ; for when I awaked, it was just daylight.

I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir ; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground ; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards ; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me ; but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin ; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so

loud that they all ran back in a fright ; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul !* The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness ; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground ; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them ; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*, when in an instant I felt about a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles ; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not,) and some on my face which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving

again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides ; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose I could easily free myself ; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows ; but, by the noise I heard, their number increased ; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work ; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it ; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

He appeared to be of middle age and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger ; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few

words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness ; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they called a great lord, as I afterwards learnt,) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well-dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as well as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

When they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a

dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution ; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds : but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine,

which, it seems, set out four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay.

But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workman had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles ; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine and then tied fast.

All this I was told ; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night, with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667-1745.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm ;
His pipe was in his mouth ;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main :
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! Come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;
O say what may it be ?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light ;
O say what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows ;
She drifted a dreary wreck ;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carved wool ;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
1807.

THE PILGRIMS AT THE PORTER'S LODGE.

(FROM THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.)

Now, then, they were within sight of the Porter's lodge, and they soon came up unto it; but they made the more haste after this to go thither, because it is dangerous traveling there in the night. So, when they were come to the gate, the guide knocked, and the Porter cried, "Who is there?" But as soon as the guide had said, "It is I," he knew the voice, and came down; for the guide had oft before that come thither as a conductor of Pilgrims.

When he was come down, he opened the gate, and seeing the guide standing just before it, (for he saw not the women, for they were behind him,) he said unto him, "How now, Mr. Great-heart; what is your business here so late at night?" "I have brought," said he, "some Pilgrims hither, where, by my Lord's commandment they must lodge. I had been here some time ago, had I not been opposed by the giant that did use to back the lions. But I, after a long and tedious combat with him, have cut him off, and have brought the Pilgrims hither in safety."

(*Porter.*) Will you not go in and stay till morning?

(*Great-heart.*) No; I will return to my Lord to-night.

(*Christiana.*) Oh, sir; I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage; you have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counseling of us, that I shall never forget your favor towards us.

Then said Mercy, "Oh, that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is, without a friend and defender?"

Then said James, the youngest of the boys, "Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us and help us, because we are so weak, and the way so dangerous as it is."

(*Great-heart.*) I am at my Lord's commandment: if he shall allot me to be your guide quite through, I will willingly wait upon you. But here you failed at first, for when he bid me come thus far with you, then you should have begged me of him to go quite through with you, and he would have granted your request. However, at present I must withdraw, and so, good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu.

Then the Porter, Mr. Watchful, asked Christiana of her country, and her kindred: and she said, "I came from the city of Destruction, I am a widow-woman, and my husband is dead; his name was Christian, the Pilgrim." "How!" said the porter, "was he your husband?" "Yes," said she, "and these are his children: and this, (pointing to Mercy) is one of my towns-women." Then the porter rang

his bell, as at such time he is wont, and there came to the door one of the damsels, whose name was Humble-mind. And to her the porter said, "Go, tell it within, that Christiana, the wife of Christian, and her children are come hither on pilgrimage." She went in, therefore, and told it. But oh ! what noise for gladness was there, when the damsel did but drop that out of her mouth.

So they came with haste to the porter, for Christiana stood still at the door. Then some of the most grave said unto her, "Come in Christiana, come in, thou wife of that good man : come in, thou blessed woman ; come in, with all that are with thee." So she went in, and they followed her that were her children and her companions. Now when they were gone in, they were had into a large room, where they were bidden to sit down : so they sat down, and the chief of the house was called to see and welcome the guests. Then they came in, and, understanding who they were, did salute each other with a kiss and said, "Welcome, ye vessels of the grace of God ; welcome to us your friends."

Now, because it was somewhat late, and because the Pilgrims were weary with their journey, and also made faint with the sight of the fight and of the terrible lions, therefore they desired as soon as might be, to prepare to go to rest. "Nay," said those of the family, "refresh yourselves with a morsel of meat : " for they had prepared for them a lamb with the accustomed sauce belonging thereto ; for the porter had heard before of their coming and had told it to them within. So when they had

supped, and ended their prayer with a psalm, they desired they might go to rest. "But let us," said Christiana, "if we may be so bold as to choose, be in that chamber that was my husband's when he was here." So they had them up thither, and they lay all in a room. When they were at rest, Christiana and Mercy entered into discourse about things that were convenient.

(*Christiana.*) Little did I think once, that when my husband went on pilgrimage, I should ever have followed.

(*Mercy.*) And you as little thought of lying in his bed and in his chamber in rest, as you do now.

(*Christiana.*) And much less did I ever think of seeing his face with comfort, and of worshipping the Lord the King with him; and yet now I believe I shall.

(*Mercy.*) Hark, don't you hear a noise?

(*Christiana.*) Yes, it is as I believe, a noise of music for joy that we are here.

(*Mercy.*) Wonderful! music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here.

Thus they talked awhile, and then betook themselves to sleep. So in the morning when they were awake, Christiana said to Mercy, "What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep to-night? I suppose you were in a dream."

(*Mercy.*) So I was, and a sweet dream it was; but are you sure I laughed?

(*Christiana.*) Yes, you laughed heartily; but pr'y-thee, Mercy, tell me thy dream.

(*Mercy.*) I was a-dreaming that I sat all alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. Now I had not sat there long, but methought many were gathered about me to see me and to hear what it was that I said. So they harkened, and I went on bemoaning the hardness of my heart. At this, some of them laughed at me, some called me fool, and some began to thrust me about. With that, methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards me. So he came directly to me, and said, "Mercy, what aileth thee?" Now when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, "Peace be to thee." He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and ear-rings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand, and said, "Mercy, come after me." So he went up, and I followed, till we came to a golden gate. Then he knocked; and, when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat, and he said to me, "Welcome, daughter!" The place looked bright and twinkling like the stars, or rather like the sun; and I thought that I saw your husband there. So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?

(*Christiana.*) Laugh! ay, and well you might, to see yourself so well. For you must give me leave to tell you that I believe it was a good dream; and that, as you have begun to find the first part true, so you shall find the second at last.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628—1688.

NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus right eloquent.

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same pow'r divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;

But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim,
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800.

CADMUS AND THE DRAGON.

(FROM TANGLEWOOD TALES.)

Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster, and flung himself right into his cavernous mouth. This bold method of attacking him took the dragon by surprise; for, in fact, Cadmus had leaped so far down into his throat, that the rows of terrible teeth could not close upon him, nor do him the least harm in the world. Thus, though the struggle was a tremendous one, and though the dragon shattered the tuft of trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail, yet, as Cadmus was all the while slashing and stabbing at his very vitals, it was not long before the scaly wretch bethought himself of slipping away.

He had not gone his length, however, when the brave Cadmus gave him a sword thrust that finished the battle; and, creeping out of the gateway of the creature's jaws, there he beheld him still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child.

"Cadmus," said a voice, but whether it came from

above or below him, or whether it spoke within his own breast, the young man could not tell—"Cadmus, pluck out the dragon's teeth, and plant them in the earth."

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it very easy, I should imagine, to dig out all those deep-rooted fangs from the dead dragon's jaws. But Cadmus toiled and tugged, and after pounding the monstrous head almost to pieces with a great stone, he at last collected as many teeth as might have filled a bushel or two.

The next thing was to plant them. This, likewise, was a tedious piece of work, especially as Cadmus was already exhausted with killing the dragon and knocking his head to pieces, and had nothing to dig the earth with, that I know of, unless it were his sword-blade. Finally, however, a sufficiently large tract of ground was turned up, and sown with this new kind of seed; although half of the dragon's teeth still remained to be planted some other day.

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning upon his sword, and wondering what was to happen next. He had waited but a few moments, when he began to see a sight, which was as great a marvel as the most marvelous thing I ever told you about.

The sun was shining slantwise over the field, and showed all the moist, dark soil, just like any other newly-planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears, sprouting up

everywhere like so many stalks of grain, and continually growing taller and taller.

Next appeared a vast number of bright sword blades, thrusting themselves up in the same way. A moment afterwards, the whole surface of the ground was broken by a multitude of polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans.

So rapidly did they grow, that Cadmus now discerned the fierce countenance of a man beneath every one. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld an abundant harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with helmets and breastplates, shields, swords, and spears; and before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons, and clashed them one against another, seeming to think, little while as they had yet lived, that they had wasted too much of life without a battle. Every tooth of the dragon had produced one of these sons of deadly mischief.

Up sprouted, also, a great many trumpeters; and with the first breath that they drew, they put their brazen trumpets to their lips, and sounded a tremendous and ear-shattering blast; so that the whole space, just now so quiet and solitary, reverberated with the clash and clang of arms, the bray of warlike music, and the shouts of angry men. So enraged did they all look, that Cadmus fully expected them to put the whole world to the sword. How fortunate would it be for a great conqueror, if he could get a bushel of the dragon's teeth to sow!

"Cadmus," said the same voice which he had before heard, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus seized a large stone, and, flinging it into the middle of the earth-army, saw it strike the breastplate of a gigantic and fierce-looking warrior. Immediately on feeling the blow, he seemed to take it for granted that somebody had struck him ; and, uplifting his weapon, he smote his next neighbor a blow that cleft his helmet asunder and stretched him on the ground.

Well, this memorable battle continued to rage until the ground was strewn with helmeted heads that had been cut off. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there were only five left standing. These now rushed from different parts of the field, and, meeting in the middle of it, clashed their swords, and struck at each other's hearts as fiercely as ever.

"Cadmus," said the voice again, "bid those five warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

Without hesitating an instant, Cadmus stepped forward, and with the aspect of a king and a leader, extending his drawn sword amongst them, spoke to the warriors in a stern and commanding voice.

"Sheathe your weapons!" said he.

And forthwith, feeling themselves bound to obey him, the five remaining sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute with their swords, returned them to the scabbards, and stood before Cadmus in a rank, eyeing him as soldiers eye their captain, while awaiting the word of command.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804-1864.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[ABRIDGED.]

I.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand ;
“There was a ship,——” quoth he.
“Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !”—
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye ;
The wedding-guest sat still,
And listened like a three-years’ child—
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :

“The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

“The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——”
The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads, before her go
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spoke on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner :

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us South along.

“And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.—

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

“ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit ;
The helmsman steered us through.

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners’ hollo.

“ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine,
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

“ God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look’st thou so ? ” “ With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.”

II.

“ The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

“ And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Come to the mariners’ hollo ;—

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
' Ah, wretch ! ' said they, ' the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow ! '

“ Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
' 'Twas right,' said they, ' such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.' ”

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

“ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down.
'Twas sad as sad could be :
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

“ All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

“ Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

“Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

“And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root :
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

“Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross,
About my neck was hung.

“One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for a groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

“Four times fifty living men,
And I heard nor sigh nor groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump
They dropped down one by one.

“Their souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow.”

III.

“I fear thee, Ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand ;
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

“ The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea.

IV.

“ Oh Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company !—

“ To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths, and maidens gay,

“ Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

“ He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;

For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn ;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

THE ANGLER AND THE MILK-MAID.

Under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when
I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the
adjoining groves seemed to have a friendly conten-
tion with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live
in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose
hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide
silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ;
yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble
stones, which broke their waves and turned them
into foam. Sometimes I beguiled time by viewing
the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the
cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the
cheerful sun ; and saw others craving comfort from
the swollen udders of their dams. As I thus sat,
these and other sights had so fully possessed my
soul with content, that I thought as the poet has
happily expressed it,

"I was for that time lifted above earth ;
And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me ; it was a handsome milk-maid, who had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do ; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale ; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it : it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago ; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days.*

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good ; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder ! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

ISAAC WALTON.

1593-1683.

THE GHOST OF THE OLD YEAR.

As I sat the other night,
Burning of a single light,
All at once a change there came
In the color of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
Blue as summer sky is blue :

* "A Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and "The Nymph's Reply." See page 4.

One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six ! seven !
Eight ! nine ! ten ! it struck eleven !

Pale as sheet, with stiffened hair,
Motionless in elbow chair,—
Blood congealing,—dead almost—
“ Now,” thought I, “ to see a ghost ! ”

Strange misgiving, true as strange !
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo ! a Shape confronted me !

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own
In the morning mirror shown.

“ Now,” he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for tête-à-tête,
Quite at odds with all decorum,—
“ Now, my boy, let’s have a jorum !

“ Feast of reason,—flow of soul !
Where’s the sugar, where’s the bowl ?
Lemons I will help to squeeze,—
Flip, egg-hot, or what you please ! ”

“ Sir,” said I, with hectic cough,
Shock of nerves to carry off,—
Looking at him very hard,
“ Please oblige me with a card.”

“ Card ! ” said he, “ Phoo—nonsense—stuff !
We’re acquainted well enough,—

Still, my name, if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

‘Ring for supper ! where’s the tray ?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a Mayor,
I must quit the yearly Chair ! ”

Scarce could I contain my rage,—
O’er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

“Zounds ! ” I cried in quite a huff,
“Go,—I’ve known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have but bread and cheese.”

“Nay,” cried he, “were things so ill ?
Let me have your pardon still,—
What I’ve done to give you pain,
I will never do again.

“As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honors due ;
Soon the parish bells about
Will begin to ring me out.”

“Ring you out ?—With all my heart ! ”
From my chair I made a start,
Pulled the bell and gave a shout,—
“Peter, show the Old Year out ! ”

THOMAS HOOD,
1798-1845.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

(FROM WOLFERTS' ROOST.)

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with some-

thing of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long, dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and fame far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visitors, who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pe-wit, or Pe-wee, or Phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there for two years past—their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early

in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phœbe-birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced by the old, weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincoln, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer.

But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; "the rains are over and

gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed

my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom ; but when I, luckless urchin ! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him ! No lessons, no task, no hateful school ; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields, and fine weather.

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him, only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury ; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits ; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear ; he is stuffing himself

with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling—Boblincoln no more,—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for tit-bit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform?—Alas not he! Incurable epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career: behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired; the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally a gross little sensualist who expiates his sensuality in the larder.

His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

WASHINGTON IRVING.
1783-1859.

THE TWO CORBIES.

There were two corbies sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might be;
And one the other 'gan to say,
Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie, one, two, and three,
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot;
His sword half-drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
 His lady's away with another mate,
 So we shall make our dinner sweet ;
 Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
 Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,*
 I will pick out his bonny blue 'een ;
 Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
 To theak* yere nest when it grows bare ;
 The gowden* down on his young chin
 Will do to sewe my young ones in.

O, cauld and bare will his bed be,
 When winter storms sing in the tree ;
 At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
 He will sleep nor hear the maiden's moan ;
 O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
 The wild deer bound, and foxes cry.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSY.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

(FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH—CHAPTER I.—ABRIDGED.)

And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died ; and she was left, and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab ; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth ; and they dwelled there about ten years.

And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them ; and the woman was left of her two sons and her

* *Hause-bane*, neck-bone ; *theak*, thatch ; *gowden*, golden.

husband. Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they said unto her, Surely, we will return with thee unto thy people.

And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? Turn again, my daughters, go your way. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her. And she said to her, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods! Return thou after thy sister-in-law.

And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

When Naomi saw that Ruth was steadfastly

minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her. So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi [pleasant], call me Mara [bitter]; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty. Why then call ye me Naomi, seeing that the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

THE BIBLE.

COUNTRY SCENES IN OLD DAYS.

MORNING.

See the day begins to break,
And the night shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep—
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still—
Up ! ye lazy swains ! and fill
Bag and bottle for the field ;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lies longest, that she may
Be chidden for untimed delay.
Feed your faithful dogs, and pray
Heaven to keep you from decay ;
So unfold, and then away.

EVENING.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus* down calling
The dead night from underground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,

* *Hesperus*, a name given to the Evening Star, the planet Venus.

Damps and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.

Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovéd flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come, as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a kid or lamb away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease.
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids ! so farewell ;
Thus I end my evening knell.

JOHN FLETCHER.
1576-1625.

THE ENCOUNTER OF BRAVE AND THE PANTHER.

(FROM THE PIONEERS.)

In this manner the young ladies proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed,—“Listen ! there are the cries of a child on this mountain ! Is there a clearing near us ? or can some little one have strayed from its parents ?” Such things frequently hap-

peñ," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds: it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the girls pursued with quick and impatient steps, the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest.

More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried,—“Look at the dog!” Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air, that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body through fright or anger.

It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities. “Brave!” she said, “be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?” At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mis-

tress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing, with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow and sank lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity, and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sound of her voice. "Courage, Brave," she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; "courage, courage, good Brave."

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the

actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its forepaws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment ; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrible.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with

an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced the foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and a pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe.

For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short

convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of His creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet the ear. "Hist, hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom, when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was

rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant her opportune deliverer emerged to view in the person of Leather-stockings.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

1789-1851.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Burly, dozing, humble-bee !
Where thou art is clime for me ;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines ;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere ;
Swimmer through the waves of air,—
Voyager of light and noon,—
Epicurean of June !
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance ;
And, infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence doth displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky ;
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among :
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,

Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1803.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

(FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.)

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
1728-1774.

THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOLMASTER.

(FROM NICHOLAS NICKELBY.)

Nicholas Nickelby, in the nineteenth year of his age, arrived at eight o'clock on a November morning at the sign of the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, London, to join Mr. Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster. He had engaged himself to Mr. Squeers as his scholastic assistant, on the faith of the following advertisement in the London papers:—

“EDUCATION.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers' Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N. B.—An able assistant wanted, Annual Salary, £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred.”

Mr. Squeers was standing by one of the coffee-room fireplaces, and his appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The blank side of his face was much puckered up, which gave him a sinister appearance, especially when he smiled; at which times his expression bordered on the villainous. He wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a scholastic suit of black; but his coat-sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trowsers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

The learned gentleman had before himself a

breakfast of coffee, hot toast, and cold round of beef ; but he was at that moment intent on preparing another breakfast for five little boys.

"This is twopenny'orth of milk is it, waiter?" said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large mug.

"That's twopenn'orth, sir."

"What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London! Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William, will you?"

"To the very top, sir? Why, the milk will be drowned."

"Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?"

"Coming directly, sir."

"You needn't hurry yourself; there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby. Here we are, a breakfasting, you see!"

Nicholas did not see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers.

"O, that's the milk and water, is it, William? Here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. When I say number one, the boy on the left hand, nearest the window, may take a drink; and when I say number two, the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, and you've conquered human nature. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickelby."

Nicholas murmured something in reply ; and the little boys remained in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast. Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the like interesting moment to number three ; and the process was repeated until the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into five portions, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the coach-horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

The boys began to eat voraciously, while the schoolmaster, (who was in high good-humor after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork, and looked on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

"I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket ; "put what you haven't had time to eat in here, boys ! You'll want it on the road !"

They certainly *did* want it on the road, and very much, too ; for the journey was long, the weather was intensely cold, a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen. Mr. Squeers got down at almost every stage,—to

stretch his legs, he said,—and as he always came back with a very red nose, and composed himself to sleep directly, the stretching seemed to answer. It was a long journey; but the longest lane has a turning at last, and late in the night the coach put them down at a lonely roadside inn, where they found in waiting two laboring men, a rusty pony-chaise, and a cart.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812-1870.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.*

(FROM THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.)

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rived their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

* Buried in ashes and lava by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79; discovered in 1750, and since partly excavated.

In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea ; or lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloomy hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade ; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plain beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved ; for several houses, and even vineyards, had

been set on flames ; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches ; but these rarely continued long ; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land ; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise ; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.

The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over the produce of his sudden gains. If in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child,

vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.
1805-1873.

SNOW BOUND.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zig-zag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow :
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,*
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,

* An allusion to the beautiful crystalline forms of the snow-flakes.

• No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted : " Boys, a path ! "
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy ?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test the lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about ;

The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led ;
The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun * roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

* *Amun* or *Ammon*, one of the principal gods of Egypt : he is sometimes represented with a ram's head.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the West,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme : “ *Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.* ”
The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green

Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter's fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1808.

THE SIEGE.

(FROM IVANHOE.)

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven," exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Re-

becca. "I see him now ; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades ; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back !—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders ; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob ! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds !" She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring ; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again ; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law ! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Prince fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive !" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down !—he is down !"

"Who is down ?" cried Ivanhoe ; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen ?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly ; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—

"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar*—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better."

* *Templars*, a celebrated order, religious and military, founded at Jerusalem in the Twelfth century, for the protection of the Holy Sepulcher.

"Saint George† strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

† St. George of Cappadocia was martyred in the reign of Diocletian. His great exploit, according to tradition, was the slaying of a terrible dragon. He was the patron saint of England from the time of the Crusades.

THE THREE BELLS.*

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God ! was that thy answer
From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,
" Ho ! ship ahoy ! " its cry :
" Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by ! "

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
" Take heart ! Hold on ! " he shouted,
" The Three Bells shall lay by ! "

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear ;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

* *The Three Bells*—name of the English ship that rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1808.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.*

The poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS. 1795-1821.

* This sonnet and the following were written in friendly competition, while the two poets were visiting together.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT. 1784-1859.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY; A PICTURE OF HUMAN
LIFE.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravan-
sera early in the morning, and pursued his journey
through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and
vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he
was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward
over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising
before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with
the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was
fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and
sprinkled with dew from groves of spices. He

sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring : all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength ; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road ; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track ; but remembering

that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind, inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how *happiness* is lost, when *ease* is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While

he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude, surrounded him : the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him ; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled ; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.

He advanced towards the light ; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabi-

tant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the danger and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the direct road of piety, towards the mansions of rest.

"In a short time we remit our fervor and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security.

"Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications.

"By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our

original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy ; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

“ Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair ; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted there yet remains *one* effort to be made : that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors ; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence ; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy Journey and thy Life.”

SAMUEL JOHNSON.
1709-1784.

GATHER THE ROSEBUDS.

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,

The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, whilst ye may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.
1591-1674.

THE THREE WANTS.

Everybody, young and old, children and gray-beards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid,* the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the Caliphs of Bagdad, that famous city on which the light of learning and science shone, long ere it dawned on the benighted regions of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diadem that once glittered on the brow of Asia. Though, as the successor of the Prophet, he exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yet he did not, like the Eastern despots of modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace, hearing nothing but the adulation of his dependents ; seeing nothing but the shadows which surrounded him ; and knowing

* Caliph of Bagdad, contemporary of Charlemagne, Eighth Century.

nothing but what he received through the medium of interested deception, or malignant falsehood.

That he might see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of Bagdad by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer, the Barmecide, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, his executioner; the one to give him counsel, the other to fulfill his commands promptly on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people, he mixed with them and learned its cause; and if, in passing a house, he heard the moanings of distress, or the complaints of suffering, he entered for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of his slaves that surrounded him.

On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vizier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion, he overheard through the lattice of a window the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and, silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling with brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he recognized his favorite boon companion Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than Eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his

beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length, starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair: "Oh, Allah! I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery, and take away my life."

The Commander of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and being desirous to know their cause, that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and informed his master, who called them into his presence, and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partaking in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he hath bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye, or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it, then, O my brother, that thou art miserable?"

"True, O stranger!" replied Bedreddin; "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow, and, if I re-

quired more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lies the blessing of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

"And what is that?" asked the Caliph. "Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and softer than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

"By the beard of the Prophet," cried the Caliph, "I swear thy case is a hard one, But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, either deliver thee from thy burden, or give thee strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed with his companions.

Taking their way towards that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of the people, the Caliph stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground; at the same moment a voice cried out: "Allah preserve me! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darkness of night!"

Mesrour, the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut off his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and

inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets at that hour of the night.

"Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep, and, if I lie on a satin sofa, my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt, all is one to me, for neither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

"Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities, or administer to thy infirmities?" "No," replied the beggar; "my house was consumed by fire; my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas! stranger, I am in want of everything—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."

"Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the Caliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health!" The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor, exclaimed—"Of what use is money? it cannot cure disease!" and the Caliph again went on his way with Giafer, his vizier, and Mesrour, his executioner.

Passing from the abodes of want and misery, they at length reached a splendid palace, and seeing

lights glimmering from the windows, the Caliph approached, and, looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backwards and forwards with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length, casting himself down on a sofa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed: "Oh! Allah, what shall I do; what will become of me? I am weary of life; it is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording hopes that end only in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

The curiosity of the Caliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mesrour to knock at the door, which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strangers to enter, for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Koran and the customs of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the place, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But, though he treated his guests with kindness, he neither sat down with them, nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking backwards and forwards languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sorrows.

At length, the Caliph approached him reverently and said: "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and, peradventure, can afford thee relief; for I have traveled into distant lands, and collected very choice remedies for human infirmity."

"My sufferings are not of the body, but of the

mind," answered the other. "Hast thou lost the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

"Alas, no. I have been disappointed not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes, and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches, that only awakened new desires, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have everything I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

"Thy case is beyond my skill," replied the Caliph; and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The Caliph, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed—"Allah preserve me! I will no longer fatigue myself in a vain pursuit; for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, everything, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep."

J. K. PAULDING.

1779-1860.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, but loved his friend,
And would, on just occasion, spend.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleased a dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried : " I vow you're mighty neat.
But oh ! my friend this savage scene !
Pray come with me, and live with men :
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I :
Then spend your time in feast and sport,
Enjoy yourself, for life is short."

The veriest rustic in the nation
Might yield to such an invitation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn.
The moon was up, and men abed,
The napkins white, the carpet red ;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And now the mice sat down to eat.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;

Tells all their names with knowing air,
" Pray taste of this—Ah ! that is rare,
That jelly's rich, this wine is healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain ?
He stuffs and drinks, and stuffs again.
" I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good—
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush footman, butler, dogs and all.
" A rat, a rat ! clap to the door "—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor,
The frighten'd mice, by fortune cross'd,
Give themselves fairly up for lost,
But 'mid the hurry and the rout
They just contrive to scramble out.
" An't please your honor," quoth the peasant,
" This same dessert is not so pleasant :
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty ! "

ALEXANDER POPE.
1688-1744.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay.

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear !

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care ;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.

Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

MR. GROGAN AT THE CORONATION.

MR. PRINTER :

Sir,—I am the same common-council-man who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you?—for you have many a dismal correspondent. In this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because, she says, I'm always melancholy when she's in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told, to those who had the pleasure of being near spectators. The diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass ; the ladies and gentlemen walked along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clock-work. O ! Mr. Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffolding, like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield; but never a thing could I get to eat except the fragments of a plum-cake, that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came through the crowd. You must know, sir, that in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two-guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who by the by are twins, fine children) eighteen-pence a-piece to go to Sudrick fair, to see the court of the black King of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution, I own, shocked me. "Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you got the last fast-day, by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up; and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small." "Mr. Grogan," replied my wife, "Mr. Grogan, this is always the case when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at

all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case." In short, Mr. Printer, what will you have on't?—to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach; how we were shoved about in the mob; how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanac and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eyebrow and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentations upon this, with the adventures of a crumbled plum-cake; relate all these; we suffered this and ten times more before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly a heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her; I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel night-caps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sang me the "the noon-tide air," towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavors, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the court of King Solomon in all his glory, at my ease in Bartholomew fair.

Towards morning sleep began to come fast upon me, and the sun rising and warming the air, still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution; I have

often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't? just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world. I shall never forget it; I dreamed that I was at my lord mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison pasty; I kept eating and eating, in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time, the pasty methought was taken away and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweet-meats. Accordingly I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap, the other gave me a snap: I was pulled this way by my neighbor on my right hand, and that way by my neighbor on the left, but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could.

I never was so pulled and handled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell at a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible; in fact, it broke my dream; when awakening I found my wife and daughter applying a smelling-bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

(ABRIDGED.)

I.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxurious fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay was so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*.

They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they picked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas,* which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. They were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors, as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with *him*.

He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which

* *Cicada*, a kind of locust.

was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education. * * * * *

II.

The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. No rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand ; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world ; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same ex-

quisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes which seemed to command its whole circumference. When it became the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life. "Come Gluck, my boy," said a voice out of the pot. "I'm all right; pour me out." But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind. "Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move. "*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot." By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend of the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck hesitatingly, "were you my mug?" On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, and dazzling,—a blaze of intense light,—rose, trembled and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

III.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the Holy water, was the next question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and under pretence of crossing himself stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand and set off for the mountains.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

His way lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at

last, thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly,—“Water! I am dying.”

“I have none,” replied Hans; “thou hast had thy share of life.” He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over THE BLACK STONE.

IV.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered alto-

gether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Schwartz climbed for another hour and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the

figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting, was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

V.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and after a month or two made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and

the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him some water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing

again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in the first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up, and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog

was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"O dear me!" said Cluck, "have you really been so cruel?" "Cruel," said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?" "Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed

themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

To this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And, at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley, THE BLACK BROTHERS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

1819.

THE BUGLE SONG.

(FROM THE PRINCESS.)

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow ! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809.

A FRENCH PEASANT'S SUPPER.

(FROM THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.)

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup ; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast ; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table ; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room, so I sat down at once like a son of the family ; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon ; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet ; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that

they remain upon my palate to this hour? If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin. The old man and his wife came out at last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted, and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life he had made it a rule, after supper

was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. "Or a learned prelate either," said I.

LAURENCE STERNE.

1713-1768.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon : *

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—

* Ratisbon, or Regensburg, is on the Danube. It is a very old and interesting city.

So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon !
The marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him !” The chief’s eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
“You’re wounded !” “Nay,” his soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
“I’m killed, sire !” and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave ;
That ‘mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter’s shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away, like withered leaves,
Before the autumn gale,
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it,
Amid his young renown ;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart ;
Monadock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal his sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monuments
Though ye destroy their dust.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, 1791-1865.

LIFE IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

(FROM KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.)

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small, black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew.

These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind ;—the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the Governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife,—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicho-

las, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water,—inso-much that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck.

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*,* where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control.

In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights,—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom,—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place,—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully

* The most sacred place.

locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imagination like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner.

Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw*, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible signs of disapprobation and uneasiness of being sur-

prised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish,—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hogs' fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks,—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and

sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it.

To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup,—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting,—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones,—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *Yah Mynheer*, or, *yah yah Vrouw*,* to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels.

As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of scripture were piously portrayed;—Tobit and his dog

* Yes Sir, or yes, yes Madam.

figured to great advantage ; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet ; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of a whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door ; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present ;—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1783–1859.

L'ALLEGRO.*

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's † cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

* *L'Allegro*, an Italian word meaning cheerfulness.

† *Hebe*, the goddess of Youth and cup-bearer to the gods.

Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty :
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied :
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen * oft appear,
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's † learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(FROM CHRISTMAS STORIES.)

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope? The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how

* *Hymen*, the god of Marriage; he bore the nuptial torch.

† Ben Jonson was a dramatic writer, contemporary of Shakespeare.
Sock, a peculiar shoe, worn by the ancient players of Comedy.
 The "Buskin" was a high shoe worn by actors of Tragedy.

is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the kettle? It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard—Mrs. Peerybingle filled the kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short) she set the kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for—the water being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippy, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten rings included—had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her legs.

Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming

out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!" But, Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock-still before the Moorish Palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But, his sufferings when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a Cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the Palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs.

It was not until a violent commotion and a whirling noise among the weights and ropes below him had quite subsided, that this terrified Haymaker became himself again. Nor was he startled without reason; for these rattling, bony skeletons of clocks are very disconcerting in their operation, and I wonder very much how any set of men, but most of all how Dutchmen, can have had a liking to invent them. There is a popular belief that Dutchmen

love broad cases and much clothing for their own lower selves ; and they might know better than to leave their clocks so very lank and unprotected surely.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too ! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book—better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire ; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid—such is the influence of a bright example—performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

That this song of the kettle's was song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors—to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire ; there is no

doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sung the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track, and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!—

And here, if you like, the Cricket *did* chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup, of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice, so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle; (size! you couldn't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself like an over-charged gun; if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces; it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

. The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the cricket took first fiddle and kept it. How it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it at its loudest, which

suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder still, they sung it in their emulation.

The fair little listener—for fair she was and young, though something of what is called the dumpling shape; but I don't myself object to that—lighted a candle, glanced at the Haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back and sat down in her former seat, the Cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up with a perfect fury of competition. The kettle's weak side clearly being, that he didn't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum hum-m-m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the

hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty.

But, of this, there is no doubt: that the kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person, who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812-1870.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships, who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known to all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;

And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near approach of death ;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view !
" Let me " says she, " your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight.
To friendship every burden's light."
The horse replied, " Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus :
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored ;
And thus replied the mighty lord :
" Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye :
" My back," says he, " may do you harm ;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting calf address'd.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For see the hounds are just in view."

JOHN GAY.

1688-1732.

CATCHING A LION.

(FROM TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR DISTRICTS OF AFRICA.)

In the evening we marched out to see an adjoining village belonging to a Slatee named Jemaffoo Mamadoo, the richest of all the Gambia traders. We found him at home ; and he thought so highly of the honor done him by this visit, that he presented us with a fine bullock, which was immediately killed, and part of it dressed for our evening's repast.

The Negroes do not go to supper till late ; and in order to amuse ourselves while our beef was preparing, a Mandingo* was desired to relate some

* The Mandingoes were the inhabitants of the countries bordering on the river Gambia.

diverting stories ; in listening to which, and smoking tobacco, we spent three hours. These stories bear some resemblance to those in the Arabian Nights entertainments ; but, in general, are of a more ludicrous cast. I shall here abridge one of them for the reader's amusement.

"Many years ago," said the relater, "the people of Doomasansa (a town on the Gambia) were much annoyed by a lion that came every night, and took away some of their cattle. By continuing his depredations, the people were at length so much enraged, that a party of them resolved to go and hunt the monster. They accordingly proceeded in search of the common enemy, which they found concealed in a thicket ; and immediately firing at him, were lucky enough to wound him in such a manner, that, in springing from the thicket towards the people, he was thrown among the grass, and was unable to rise.

"The animal, however, manifested such appearance of vigor, that nobody cared to approach him singly ; and a consultation was held concerning the properest means of taking him alive ; a circumstance, it was said, which, while it furnished undeniable proof of their prowess, would turn out to great advantage, it being resolved to convey him to the coast, and sell him to the Europeans. While some persons proposed one plan, and some another, an old man offered a scheme. This was, to strip the roof of a house of its thatch, and to carry the bamboo frame (the pieces of which are well secured together by thongs), and throw it over the lion. If, in approach-

ing him, he should attempt to spring upon them, they had nothing to do but let down the roof upon themselves, and fire at the lion through the rafters.

"This proposition was approved and adopted. The thatch was taken from the roof of a hut, and the lion-hunters, supporting the fabric, marched courageously to the field of battle; each person carrying a gun in one hand, and bearing his share of the roof on the opposite shoulder. In this manner they approached the enemy; but the beast had by this time recovered his strength; and such was the fierceness of his countenance, that the hunters instead of proceeding any further, thought it prudent to provide for their own safety by covering themselves with the roof.

"Unfortunately, the lion was too nimble for them; for, making a spring while the roof was setting down, both the beast and his pursuers were caught in the same cage, and the lion devoured them at his leisure, to the great astonishment and mortification of the people of Doomasansa; at which place it is dangerous even at this day to tell the story; for it is become the subject of laughter and derision in the neighboring countries, and nothing will enrage an inhabitant of that town so much as desiring him to catch a lion alive."

MUNGO PARK.

1771-1805.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

I.

"Morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned
By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well ;
O'er the work his boy's curls fell ;

But ever at each period,
He stopped and sang, " Praise God : "

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done :
I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

" As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

" This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite " Would God that I
Might praise him, that great way, and die ! "

II.

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day

God said in Heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth,
Entered in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there and played the craftsman well.
And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy to youth he grew ;
The Man put off the Stripling's hue :
The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :
And ever o'er the trade he bent
And ever lived on earth content.

III.

God said, " A praise is in mine ear ,
There is no doubt in it, no fear :
" So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
" Clearer loves sound other ways,
I miss my little human praise."
Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.
In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear.

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade
Till on his life the sickness weighed :
And in his cell when death drew near
An angel in a dream brought cheer :
And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

IV.

To the East with praise he turned
And on his sight the angel burned.
“ I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.
“ Vainly I left my angel sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
“ Thy voice’s praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation’s chorus stopped !
“ Go back and praise again
The early way—while I remain.
“ With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation’s pausing strain.
“ Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy ! ”
Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s Dome.
One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812.

THE LARGE DOSE OF OPIUM.

(FROM CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.)

One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst the recesses of English mountains, it is not my business to conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out that his knowledge of English was exactly commensurate with *hers* of Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any.

In this dilemma the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones,) came, and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. The group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye more powerfully than any of the statuesque attitudes or groups exhibited in the ballets at the opera house, though so ostentatiously complex.

In a cottage kitchen, but not looking so much like that as a rustic hall of entrance, being paneled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, stood the Malay, his turban and loose

trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling. He had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe, which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. A more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite bloom, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, veneered with mahogany tints by climate and marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the lovely girl for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for Barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from “Anastasius;”^{*} and as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung’s “Mithridates,” which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the “Iliad,” considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an oriental one.

He worshiped me in a devout manner, and re-

^{*} A novel, by Thomas Hope.

plied in what I suppose to have been Malay. In this way I saved my reputation as a linguist with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as a native of the East, I could have no doubt that opium was not less familiar than his daily bread; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I suddenly saw him raise his hand to his mouth, and bolt the whole, divided into three prices, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill some half dozen dragoons, together with their horses, supposing neither bipeds nor quadrupeds to be regularly trained opium-eaters. I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in pure compassion for his solitary life, since, if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. Ought I to have violated the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol? No; there was clearly no help for it. The mischief, if any, was done. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay, or of any man in a turban being found dead on any part of the very slenderly peopled road between Grasmere and Whitehaven, I became satisfied that he was familiar with opium, and that I

must doubtless have done him the service I designed by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1785-1859.

MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS.

Between the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile.

The natives, naked and enfeebled compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages, but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; other-

wise it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party, that seemed to amount to seven hundred ; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was able to withstand them all.

The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their goodwill ; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilized life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opechancanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile ; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace ; and the emigrants had no use for fire-arms except against a deer or a fowl. Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten ; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco ; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbors, avoided ; since there would there be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of

the English. He died in 1618, and his younger brother was now heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise.

The crime was one of savage ferocity, but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. "Sooner," said they, "shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part."

At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; chil-

dren and women, as well as men, the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness, the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons had been cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal, and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well prepared against an attack, and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner the most considerable part of the colony was saved.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1800.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky !
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye !
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
A box where sweets compacted lie !
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593-1633.

“WITH BRAINS, SIR.”

“Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?” said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. “With *brains*, sir,” was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information, but it was enough to awaken the inquirer. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colors, in such and such proportions, rubbed so and so ; or perhaps they would have shown him how they laid them on ; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: “With *brains*, sir.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds* was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful eye. “Capital composition ; correct drawing ; the color and tone

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, an eminent English artist, born 1723 ; first President of the Royal Academy. He has been called “the great founder of the British School of Painting.”

excellent: but—but—it wants—it wants *That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everthing else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should I do 'this, sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again." And they *did* try, and they *did* look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the "how" or the "what" been told them, or done for them. In the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. Seeing is the passive state, and at best only registers; looking is a voluntary act: it is the man within coming to the window.

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything. Let "*Tools and a man to use them,*" be your motto. Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's "*That,*" and try again and again, and look at everything for yourselves.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.
1830.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara *
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ? "
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

* *Carrara*, a fine, white marble, much used by sculptors ; named from the place where it is found in Northern Italy.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe

And again to that child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819.

FOWLS OF THE AIR.

The lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but from necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassell, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to.

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular season, as, namely, the leverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet and the honest robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have, very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.

I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But it is certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the dove was sent out of the ark by Noah to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And when God would feed the prophet Elijah, after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a dove.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is, both for meat and medicines to mankind, but I will leave them to their sweet labor, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

ISAAC WALTON.

1593-1683.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand ;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see ! she stirs !
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bride-groom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms !"
How beautiful she is ! How fair
She lies between those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer.
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807.

SILENT PRAYER.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord ! that arch of Thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like Thy Throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis best to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

THOMAS MOORE.

1779-1852.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.)

The war must go on. We must fight it through.
And if the war must go on, why put off longer the
Declaration of Independence? That measure will
strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible,
change this from a civil to a national war? And
since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves
in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we
gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for
us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up
armies; the cause will create navies. The people,
the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and
will carry themselves gloriously, through this struggle.

I care not how fickle other people have been found, I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there, let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the

victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exaltation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment : independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1782-1852.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

(FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.)

The quality of Mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But Mercy is above the scepter'd sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

A BATTLE OF ANTS.

(FROM WALDEN.)

One day when I went to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go,

but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*,* a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other.

On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was—conquer or die.

*Not a duel, but a war.

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal contest from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not a fight recorded in Concord history, at least, in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden.* Concord Fight!

*Brilliant battles of Napoleon.

Two killed on the patriots' side and Luther Blanchard wounded ! Why here every ant was a Buttrick, —“Fire! for God's sake fire!” and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle that they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea ; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce ; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the legs of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and

I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them ; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know ; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war ; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

HENRY D. THOREAU.
1817-1862.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Form'd the simple contrivance we now shall explain
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not, indeed, 'tis no business of ours.
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected ; but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray :
But success is secure unless energy fails ;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales*.

"What were they?" you ask : you shall presently see ;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh, no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

The first thing he tried was the skull of *Voltaire*,*
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there ;
As a weight, he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made, for weight ,
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a
bounce.

Again he performed an experiment rare :
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale ; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decay'd ;

* A celebrated author of France in the eighteenth century. He was a fierce critic and opponent of the Roman Catholic Church of his day, which he recklessly identified with the whole faith and system of Christianity.

When he found with surprise, that the whole of his
brother
Weighed less by some pounds than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one
plough ;
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear ;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candor and sense ;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt ;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh : 'twas the "pearl of great price."

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales* ;
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found :
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put,
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam :
Then bring those good *actions* which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

JANE TAYLOR.
1783-1824.

ICHABOD CRANE.

(FROM THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.)

The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green grassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge.

Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by in-

flicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his place in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far away above the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts in that ingenious way that is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter

and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion.

As he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that • scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers: while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, pop-guns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks.

Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master;

and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter.

He came chattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that eve at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and

arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shamled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press.

Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the West. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them.

The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing

gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Hees Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much

as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle ; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes ; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear.

How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous ? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1783-1859.

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

1720-1756.

MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR.

(FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.)

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

MOSES COMES HOME FROM THE FAIR.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. "I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler—"Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice, "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." "What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have got only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

QUEEN MAB'S CHARIOT.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting.*

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses were gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,

* An old use of the verb *let*, meaning "to hinder."

But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
Her special maids of honor,
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparéd not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563-1631.

A WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY.

(FROM SHIRLEY.)

The early part of that May was fine, the middle was wet ; but in the last week, at change of moon, it cleared again. A fresh wind swept off the silver-white, deep-piled rain-clouds, bearing them, mass on mass, to the eastern horizon ; on whose verge they dwindled, and behind whose rim they disappeared,

leaving the vault behind all pure blue space, ready for the reign of the summer sun. That sun rose broad on Whitsuntide: the gathering of the schools was signalized by pleasant weather.

Whit-Tuesday was the great day, in preparation for which the two large school-rooms of Briarfield, built by the present rector, chiefly at his own expense, were cleaned out, white-washed, repainted, and decorated with flowers and evergreens—some from the rectory-garden, two cart-loads from Field-head, and a wheelbarrowful from the more stingy domain of De Walden, the residence of Mr. Wynne.

In these school-rooms twenty tables, each calculated to accommodate twenty guests, were laid out, surrounded with benches, and covered with white cloths: above them were suspended at least some twenty cages, containing as many canaries, according to a fancy of the district, specially cherished by Mr. Helstone's clerk, who delighted in the piercing song of these birds, and knew that amidst confusion of tongues they always caroled loudest. These tables, be it understood, were not spread for the twelve hundred scholars to be assembled from the three parishes, but only for the patrons and teachers of the schools; the children's feast was to be spread in the open air. At one o'clock the troops were to come in; at two they were to be marshaled; till four they were to parade the parish; then came the feast, and afterward the meeting, with music and speechifying in the church.

Why Briarfield was chosen for the point of rendezvous—the scene of the *fête*—should be explained.

It was not because it was the largest or most populous parish—Whinbury far outdid it in that respect; nor because it was the oldest—antique as were the hoary church and rectory, Nunnely's low-roofed temple and mossy parsonage, buried both in coeval oaks, outstanding sentinels of Nunnwood, were older still: it was simply because Mr. Helstone willed it so, and Mr. Helstone's will was stronger than that of Boulthby or Hall; the former *could* not, the latter *would* not, dispute a point of precedence with their resolute and imperious brother; they let him lead and rule.

Thanks to Miss Helstone's promptitude, they arrived in good time. While yet the trees hid the church, they heard the bell tolling a measured but urgent summons for all to assemble; the trooping in of numbers, the trampling in of many steps, and murmuring of many voices, were likewise audible. From a rising ground, they presently saw, on the Whinbury road, the Whinbury school approaching: it numbered five hundred souls. The rector and curate, Boulthby and Donne, headed it: the former, looming large in full canonicals, walking as became a beneficed priest, under the canopy of a shovel-hat, with the dignity of an ample corporation, the embellishment of the squarest and vastest of black coats, and the support of the stoutest of gold-headed canes.

As the doctor walked, he now and then slightly flourished his cane, and inclined his shovel-hat with a dogmatical wag toward his aid-de-camp. That aid-de-camp—Donne, to-wit,—narrow as the line of

his shape was compared to the broad bulk of his principal, contrived, notwithstanding, to look every inch a curate: all about him was pragmatism and self-complacent, from his turned up nose and elevated chin to his clerical black gaiters, his somewhat short, strapless trousers, and his square-toed shoes.

Walk on Mr. Donne! You have undergone scrutiny. You think you look well—whether the white and purple figures watching you from yonder hill think so, is another question.

These figures come running down when the regiment has marched by: the church-yard is full of children and teachers, all in their very best holiday attire: and—distressed as is the district, bad as are the times,—it is wonderful to see how respectably—how handsomely even—they have contrived to clothe themselves. That British love of decency will work miracles: the poverty which reduces an Irish girl to rags is impotent to rob the English girl of the neat wardrobe she knows necessary to her self-respect.

Besides, the lady of the manor, that Shirley, now gazing with pleasure on this well-dressed and happy-looking crowd, has really done them good: her seasonable bounty consoled many a poor family against the coming holiday, and supplied many a child with a new frock or bonnet for the occasion; she knows it, and is elate with the consciousness: glad that her money, example, and influence have really, substantially, benefited those around her. She cannot be charitable like Miss Ainley—it is not in her nature: it relieves her to feel that there is another way of

being charitable, practicable for other characters, and under other circumstances.

Caroline, too, is pleased ; for she also has done good in her small way ; robbed herself of more than one dress, ribbon, or collar she could ill spare, to aid in fitting out the scholars of her class ; and, as she could not give money, she has followed Miss Ainley's example, in giving her time and her industry to sew for the children.

Not only is the church-yard full, but the rectory-garden is also thronged : pairs and parties of ladies and gentlemen are seen walking among the waving lilacs and laburnums. The house also is occupied : at the wide-open parlor-windows, gay groups are standing. These are the patrons and teachers, who are to swell the procession. In the parson's croft, behind the rectory, are the musicians of the three parish bands, with their instruments.

Mr. Helstone produced his watch. "Ten minutes to two," he announced aloud. "Time for all to fall into line. Come." He seized his shovel-hat and marched away ; all rose and followed, *en masse*. The twelve hundred children were drawn up in three bodies of four hundred souls each : in the rear of each regiment was stationed a band ; between every twenty there was an interval wherein Helstone posted the teachers in pairs.

The rectors passed to the full front—the parish clerks fell to the extreme rear ; Helstone lifted his shovel-hat ; in an instant out clashed the eight bells in the tower, loud swelled the sounding bands, flute

spake and clarion answered, deep rolled the drums, and away they marched.

The broad white road unrolled before the long procession, the sun and sky surveyed it cloudless, the wind tossed the tree-boughs above it, and the twelve hundred children, and one hundred and forty adults, of which it was composed, trod on in time and tune, with gay faces and glad hearts. It was a joyous scene, and a scene to do good: it was a day of happiness for rich and poor; the work, first of God, and then of the clergy.

About half-past three the procession turned back, and at four once more regained the starting-place. Long lines of benches were arranged in the close-shorn fields round the school; there the children were seated, and huge baskets, covered up with white cloths, and great smoking tin vessels, were brought out. Ere the distribution of good things commenced, a brief grace was pronounced by Mr. Hall, and sung by the children: their young voices sounded melodious, even touching, in the open air. Large currant-buns, and hot, well-sweatened tea, were then administered in the proper spirit of liberality. No stinting was permitted on this day, at least; the rule for each child's allowance being that it was to have about twice as much as it could possibly eat, thus leaving a reserve to be carried home for such as age, sickness, or other impediment, prevented from coming to the feast.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

1816-1855

MY BOYHOOD.

Ah me ! those joyous days are gone !
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
 How fleeting were the hours !
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
 And hides his face in flowers !

Ah ! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays,
 When all was fair and new ;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
 And love was always true !

While yet of sin I scarcely dreamed,
And every thing was what it seemed,
 And all too bright for choice ;
When fays were wont to guard my sleep,
And *Crusoe* still could make me weep,
 And *Santa Claus*, rejoice !

When Heaven was pictured to my thought,
(In spite of all my mother taught
 Of happiness serene)
A theater of boyish plays—
One glorious round of holidays,
 Without a school between !

Ah me ! those joyous days are gone ;
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
 How fleeting were the hours !

For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers !

JOHN G. SAXE.

1816.

THE COUNTRY OF THE ILLINOIS.*

We turn to a region of which, as yet, we have caught but transient glimpses; a region which to our forefathers seemed remote and strange, as to us the mountain strongholds of the Apaches, or the wastes of farthest Oregon. The country of the Illinois was chiefly embraced within the boundaries of the state which now retains the name. Thitherward, from the east, the west, and the north, three mighty rivers rolled their tributary waters; while countless smaller streams—smaller only in comparison—traversed the land with a watery network, impregnating the warm soil with exuberant fecundity. From the eastward, the Ohio—La Belle Rivière—pursued its windings for more than a thousand miles. The Mississippi descended from the distant north; while from its fountains in the west, three thousand miles away, the Missouri poured its torrent towards the same common center.

Born among mountains, trackless even now, except by the adventurous footstep of the trapper,—nurtured amid the howling of beasts and the warcries of savages, never silent in that wilderness,—it holds its angry course through sun-scorched deserts, among towers and palaces, the architecture of no

* A tribe of Indians from which the state was named.

human hand, among lodges of barbarian hordes, and herds of bison blackening the prairie to the horizon. Fierce, reckless, headstrong, exulting in its tumultuous force, it plays a thousand freaks of wanton power; bearing away forests from its shores, and planting them, with roots uppermost, in its quicksands; sweeping off islands, and rebuilding them; frothing and raging in foam and whirlpool, and, again, gliding with the dwindled current along its sandy channel.

At length, dark with uncurbed fury, it pours its muddy tide into the reluctant Mississippi. That majestic river, drawing life from the pure fountains of the north, wandering among emerald prairies and wood-crowned bluffs, loses all its earlier charm with this unhallowed union. At first, it shrinks, as with repugnance, and along the same channel the two streams flow side by side, with unmingled waters. But the disturbing power prevails at length; and the united torrent bears onward in its might, boiling up from the bottom, whirling in many a vortex, flooding its shores with a malign deluge fraught with pestilence and fever, and burying forests in its depths to ensnare the heedless voyager. Mightiest among rivers, it is the connecting link of adverse climates and contrasted races; and while at its northern source the fur-clad Indian shivers in the cold,—where it mingles with the ocean, the growth of tropics springs along its banks, and the panting negro cools his limbs in its refreshing waters.

To these great rivers and their tributary streams the country of the Illinois owed its wealth, its grassy

prairies, and the stately woods that flourished on its deep, rich soil. This prolific land teemed with life. It was a hunter's paradise. Deer grazed on its meadows. The elk trooped in herds, like squadrons of cavalry. In the still morning, one might hear the clatter of their antlers for half a mile over the dewy prairie. Countless bison roamed the plains, filing in grave succession to drink at the rivers, plunging and snorting among the rapids and quicksands, rolling their huge bulk on the grass, or rushing upon each other in hot encounter, like champions under shield. The wildcat glared from the thicket; the racoon thrust his furry countenance from the hollow tree, and the opossum swung, head downwards, from the overhanging bough.

With the opening spring, when the forests are budding into leaf, and the prairies gemmed with flowers; when a warm, faint haze rests upon the landscape—then heart and senses are enthralled with luxurious beauty. The shrubs and wild fruit-trees, flushed with pale red blossoms, and the small clustering flowers of grape-vines, which choke the gigantic trees with Laocoon writhings, *fill the forest with their rich perfume. A few days later, and a cloud of verdure overshadows the land, while birds innumerable sing beneath its canopy and brighten its shades with their glancing hues.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

1823.

* Referring to *Laocöon*, at the siege of Troy, with his two sons, who were choked and crushed by the writhings of huge sea serpents.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
'The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.
1798-1845.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by !

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for Him.

MARY HOWITT.
1804.

KNOWING AND DOING.

(FROM THE SPECTATOR.)

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the Commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly, and when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience.

The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on all those occasions there were also particular

places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians,* that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up, all to a man, and with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause ; and the old man cried out, " The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practice it."

JOSEPH ADDISON.
1672-1719.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest :

* The Lacedemonians or Spartans were noted for their simplicity of life and bravery in war. The Athenians were the most cultivated people of Ancient Greece.

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found ?"
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land THY COUNTRY, and that spot THY HOME !

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

1771-1854.

THE VILLAGE INN.

(FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.)

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place :
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1744.

THE STARLING AND THE BASTILE.*

(FROM THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.)

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres † a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion—I forget what—to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. “Beshrew the somber pencil,” said I vauntingly, “for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.” “’Tis true,” said I correcting the proposition, “the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper and not

* This famous prison was originally the Castle of Paris. It was destroyed by the Paris mob in 1798.

† *Livre*, name of a coin valued at twenty cents.

of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint." I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained, "it could not get out."

I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity: "I can't get out;" said the starling. "God help thee!" said I, "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.

I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out; I can't get out." I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a nibble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in

tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands have in all ages been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no test of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chemic power turn thy scepter into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. "Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, Thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down Thy miters, if it seem good unto Thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad

groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred.

Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish ; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood ; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice ; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately, his chair and his bed : a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there ; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body, to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh : I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears : I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

LAURENCE STERNE.

1713-1768.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

" How does the water
Come down at Lodore ? "
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time ;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme—
For of rhymes I had store ;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing ;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell ;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills ;

Through moss and through brake

It runs and it creeps

For awhile, till it sleeps

In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds

Through meadow and glade,

In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter.

Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,

Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling ;

Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race

On which it is bent,

It reaches the place

Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong

Then plunges along,

Striking and raging,

As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among ;

Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,

Swelling and sweeping,

Showering and springing,

Flying and flinging,

Writhing and ringing,

Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling ;
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar :
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.
1774-1843.

GREAT BRITAIN'S RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

(SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT, APRIL 19TH, 1774.)

But, Mr. Speaker, we have a *right* to tax America! Oh, inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money! Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all! Infatuated minister! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What! shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will con-

tinue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come ; and whenever that day does come, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

EDMUND BURKE.
1728-1797.

VICTORIA'S TEARS *

"O Maiden ! heir of kings !
A king hath left his place !
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face !
And thou upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best ! "
She heard and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown !

They decked her courtly halls ;
They reined her hundred steeds ;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds ! "
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep
Her praise has filled the town !

* It is said that when the Archbishop of Canterbury announced to the young princess her succession to the throne, she burst into tears and begged him to pray with her.

And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept—
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown—
" God save the Queen " from hill to mart,—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept to wear a crown !

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's scepter cannot move,
As these pure tears have moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties !
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea ! wept, to wear its crown !

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessings more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down ;

A piercé hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not *weep*,
To wear that heavenly crown.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
1807-1861.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Next morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries ; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues ; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit.

They had now been above three weeks at sea ; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible ; all their

prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever.

These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations.

Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success.

Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behavior, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of any other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his compan-

lions subsided faster than they had risen ; their fears revived with additional force ; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost.

The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men ; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect ; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose hearts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent.

It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable ;

nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently toward that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of

the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! Land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon the actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such

terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper color, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors.

They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the

first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new world, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country !

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
1721-1793.

THE GOOD PARSON.

(AFTER CHAUCER.)

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath clothed his own ambassador) ;
For such, on earth, his blessed Redeemer bore

Of sixty years he seem'd, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
Mild was his accent, and his action free.

With eloquence innate his tongue was armed ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd :
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw,
For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat ;
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd :
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd,
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught ;)
For this by rules severe his life he squared ;
That all might see the doctrine which they heard :
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd :)
For, when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign image is no longer seen ;
If they be foul in whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he prized ;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show :
Nor was His kingdom of the world below.

Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen He design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown He wore was of the pointed thorn :
In purple He was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not His sons, but those of Zebedee.*

JOHN DRYDEN.
1631-1700.

"A SCARABEE."

(FROM THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.)

At my left hand sits as singular looking a human being as I remember seeing outside of a regular museum or tent-show. His black coat shines as if it had been polished; and it has been polished on the wearer's back, no doubt, for the arms and other points of maximum attrition are particularly smooth and bright. Round shoulders,—stooping over some minute labor, I suppose. Very slender limbs, with bends like a grasshopper's; sits a great deal, I presume; looks as if he might straighten them out all of a sudden, and jump instead of walking. Wears goggles very commonly,—says it rests his eyes, which he strains in looking at very small objects. Voice has a dry creak, as if made by some small piece of mechanism that wanted oiling.

I don't think he is a botanist, for he does not smell of dried herbs, but carries a camphorated atmosphere about with him, as if to keep the moths from attacking him. I must find out what is his

* S. Matt. xx-20.

particular interest. One ought to know something about his immediate neighbors at the table. This is what I said to myself, before opening a conversation with him. Everybody in our ward of the city was in a great stir about a certain election, and I thought I might as well begin with that as anything.

"How do you think the vote is likely to go to-morrow?" I said.

"It isn't to-morrow," he answered, "its next month."

"Next month!" said I, "why, what election do you mean?"

"I mean the election to the Presidency of the Entomological Society, sir,"—he creaked, with an air of surprise, as if nobody could by any possibility have been thinking of any other. "Great competition, sir, between the dipterists and the lepidopterists as to which shall get in their candidate. Several close ballotings already; adjourned for a fortnight. Poor concerns both of 'em. Wait till our turn comes."

"I suppose you are an entomologist?" I said, with a note of interrogation.

"Not quite so ambitious as that, sir. I should like to put my eyes on the individual entitled to that name! A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the present state of science, is a pretender, sir, a dilettante, an imposter! No man can be truly called an entomologist, sir; the subject is too vast for any single human intelligence to grasp."

"May I venture to ask," I said, a little awed by his

statement and manner, "what is your special province of study"?

"I am often spoken of as a Coleopterist," he said, "but I have no right to so comprehensive a name. The genus *Scarabæus* is what I have chiefly confined myself to, and ought to have studied exclusively. The beetles proper are quite enough for the labor of one man's life. Call me a Scarabeeist if you will; if I can prove myself worthy of that name, my highest ambition will be more than satisfied."

I think, by way of compromise and convenience, I shall call him the Scarabee. He has come to look wonderfully like those creatures,—the beetles, I mean,—by being so much among them. His room is hung round with cases of them, each impaled on a pin driven through him, something as they used to bury suicides. These cases take the place for him of pictures and all other ornaments. That boy steals into his room sometimes, and stares at them with great admiration, and has himself undertaken to form a rival cabinet, chiefly consisting of flies, so far, arranged in ranks superintended by an occasional spider.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1899.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

A knoll of upland, shorn by nibbling sheep
To a rich carpet, woven of short grass
And tiny clover, upward leads my steps
By the seamed pathway, and my roving eye
Drinks in the vassal landscape. Far and wide

Nature is smiling in her loveliness ;
Masses of woods, green strips of fields, ravines,
Shown by their outlines drawn against the hills,
Chimneys and roofs, trees, single and in groups,
Bright curves of brooks, and vanishing mountain tops
Expand upon my sight.

October's brush

The scene has colored ; not with those broad hues
Mixed in his later palette by the frost,
And dashed upon the picture, till the eye
Aches with the varied splendor, but in tints
Left by light scattered touches. Overhead
There is a blending of cloud, haze and sky ;
A silvery sheet with spaces of soft hue ;
A trembling veil of gauze is stretched athwart
The shadowy hill-sides and dark forest-flanks ;
A soothing quiet broods upon the air,
And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.

Far sounds melt mellow on the ear : the bark—
The bleat—the tinkle—whistle—blast of horn—
The rattle of the wagon-wheel—the low—
The fowler's shot—the twitter of the bird,
And e'en the hue of converse from the road.
The grass, with its low insect-tones, appears
As murmuring in its sleep. This butterfly
Seems as if loath to stir, so lazily
It flutters by. In fitful starts and stops
The locust sings. The grasshopper breaks out
In brief harsh strains ; amidst its pausing chirps
The beetle glistening in its stable mail,
Slow climbs the clover-tops, and e'en the ant
Darts round less eagerly.

What difference marks

The scene from yester-noontide. Then the sky
Showed such rich tender blue, it seemed as if
'Twould melt before the sight. The glittering clouds
Floated above, the trees glanced glad below
To the fresh wind. The sunshine flashed on streams,
Sparkled on leaves, and laughed on fields and woods.
All, all was life and motion, as all now
Is sleep and quiet.

Nature in her change
Varies each day, as in the world of man
She molds the differing features. Yea, each leaf
Is variant from its fellow. Yet her works
Are blended in a glorious harmony,
For thus God made His earth. Perchance His breath
Was music when He spake it into life,
Adding thereby another instrument
To the innumerable choral orbs,
Sending the tribute of their grateful praise
In ceaseless anthems towards His sacred throne.

ALFRED B. STREET.

1811.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

(FROM THE HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.)

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board.

They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force

from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence.

Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneers, scepticism and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His

manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him, as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred, less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal, in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

1796-1859.

THE BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I,—
From place to place I wander by ;
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity !

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,—
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
O sweetly-mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,—

That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood,
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart ;
But good by, kind friends, every one
I've far to go ere set of sun ;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me ! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet !
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been
O, give, to strengthen me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

It was now the third of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard, as usual, throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the town house. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the custom house, treading a short path through the

snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard room.

In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets, or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers, who were dismissed from duty, passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobster-backs!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A red-coat has no right in Boston streets." "Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men, "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle; which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm-bell rang loudly and hurriedly. At the sound, many people ran out of their house, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides. Others, who were younger and less prudent, remained in the streets.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock,

several young men passed down King street, toward the custom house. When they drew near the sentinel, he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts. "Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff tones of a soldier's challenge. The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk in their own streets without being accountable to a British red-coat. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrade.

At the same time many of the towns-people rushed into King street, by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd about the custom house. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden. The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder, it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, and pricking the towns-people with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterward general of the American Artillery), caught Captain Preston's arm. "For heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed!" "Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston,

haughtily ; "do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair." Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd. When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobster-backs!" bellowed some. "You dare not fire, you cowardly red-coats," cried others. "Rush upon them," shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire, if they dare!" Amid the uproar, the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in the old times. But, should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied, until she had torn royal authority, and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzle of the muskets were turned upon them ; "you dare not fire!" They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command

which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of the shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the street, and the report rang loudly between the edifices.

A gush of smoke overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not, nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain, in the midst of King street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804-1864.

WISDOM.

(FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.)

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom

hath founded the earth ; by understanding hath he established the heavens. By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes : keep sound wisdom and discretion : so shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid : yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

Get wisdom, get understanding : forget it not ; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee : love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom : and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee : she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace : a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings ; and the years of thy life shall be many. I have taught thee in the way of wisdom ; I have led thee in right paths. When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened ; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble. Take fast hold of instruction ; let her not go : keep her ; for she is thy life.

Doth not wisdom cry ? and understanding put

forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil; pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judg-

ment: that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment: when he appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men.

Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.

THE BIBLE.

PORTRAIT.*

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ; †
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,—
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;

* One of the loveliest pictures ever painted in words.

† A countenance that was a record of the past and a prophecy of the future.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
1770-1850.

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing ; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say : " In God's name, no ! "

Thy " success " ? what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded ; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf ; no blaze of bonfires, ding-

ding of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient.

There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden ever more to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centerward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all

his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed ; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become one day, a part of England ; but he does hinder that it become on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it ; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master.

If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland : no, because brave men rose there, and said : " Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves ; and ye shall not, and cannot ! " Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be : but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1795.

TO A MOUSE.

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie.
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal !

I doubt na whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a thrave*
 'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
An' naething now to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
 Baith snell and keen !

*One ear of corn in a "shock."

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
' Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But* house or hauld,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain !
The best-laid schemes of mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

ROBERT BURNS.
1759-1796.

**But* was sometimes used by old writers for "without."

SPRING.

(FROM DREAM LIFE.)

The old chroniclers made the years begin in the season of frosts ; and they have launched us upon the current of the months, from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time, from Spring to Spring ; it seems to me far more cheerful, to reckon the year by blossoms, than by blight.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his sweet story of Virginia, makes the bloom of the cocoa-tree, or the growth of the banana, a yearly and a loved monitor of the passage of her life. How cold and cheerless in the comparison, would be the icy chronology of the North ;—so many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliage die !

The budding and blooming of Spring, seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion, of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth ; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chorus in the Spring—just as children prattle ; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts ; the showers drop easily—as young tears flow ; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year,—say what the chronologists will,—lingers upon the very lap of Spring ; and is only fairly gone, when the blossoms of April have strewn their pall of

glory upon his tomb, and the blue-birds have chanted his requiem.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter's snows ; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted *débris* of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of Heaven.

I love to trace the break of Spring step by step : I love even those long rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks ;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice, and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass ; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone, or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of Heaven, in a field of graves ! Later come those soft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts, reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall and the plums wear bodices of white. The spark-

ling oriole picks string for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green ; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple.

Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille of Spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dog-wood pitches his broad, white tent, in the edge of the forest ; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green ; and the wild cherry, growing in all the hedge-rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

Amid all this, come the rich rains of Spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them ; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy. The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass ; and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain ;—or under the cottage roof, catches with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

1822.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They twowill wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

" He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, " Who was this that went from thee ? "
" It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
" To-morrow he weds with me."

" O God be thank'd ! " said Alice the nurse,
" That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

" Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ? " .
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild ? "
" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth : you are my child."

" The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely, have ye done
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie,
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought,
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
" O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? "

" If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
" And not the Lady Clare."

" Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
" For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
" Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the next in blood—

" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY.

Those inferior duties of life, which the French call "*les petites morales*," or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behavior ; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes among them when intemperance has quite taken away the use of their reason.

In other instances it is odd to consider that for want of common discretion, the very end of good-breeding is wholly perverted ; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor about two miles from my cousin.

As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and sat me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal: as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October.

Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next ques-

tion was. What would I have for supper ? I said, I never eat anything at night ; but was at last, in my own defense, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours, spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, " That this was the worst time of the year for provisions ; that they were at a great distance from any market ; that they were afraid I should be starved ; and that they knew they kept me to my loss ;" the lady went and left me to her husband ; for they took special care I should never be alone.

As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and " your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight, the mother came up, and I discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed ; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of stingo, as they call it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night.

I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away ; and after sitting down to

a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us more than an hour to recover him again.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667-1745.

YARROW UNVISITED.

From Stirling castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravell'd ;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travell'd ;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my "winsome marrow," *
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, from Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own ;
 Each maiden to her dwelling :
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow ;
 But we will downward with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

* *Winsome marrow*, a pleasant companion.

- "There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites† sing in chorus ;
There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land
Made blythe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?
- "What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;
My true love sigh'd for sorrow ;
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !
- "O, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,†
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple from the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath,†
We'll wander Scotland thorough ; †
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.
- "Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow :

† *Lintwhite*, a linnet. *Holm*, a meadow. *Strath*, low land.
Thorough, an old form of 'through.'

We will not see them ; will not go,
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
 It must, or we shall rue it :
 We have a vision of our own ;
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome marrow !
 For when we're there, although 't is fair,
 'T will be another Yarrow.†

" If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly ;
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

(SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

A noble lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, though the honorable gentleman who made the motion has been more than once in the course of debate severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I

† The reality will not be equal to the beautiful picture that fancy has painted.

am persuaded, and will affirm, that it is a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust and diabolical war! It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps are marked with blood, slaughter, persecution and devastation; in truth, everything which goes to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude, are to be found recorded there.

But the mischief of it recoils on the unhappy people of this country, who are made the instruments by which the wicked purposes of its authors are to be effected. The nation is drained of its best blood, its most vital resources of men and money. The expenses of it are enormous, much beyond any former experience; and what has the British nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats; victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren whom we would trample down and destroy; which have filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty, though struggling under all the difficulties and disadvantages which are in general deemed the necessary concomitants of victory and success.

Where is the Englishman who, on reading the narratives of those bloody and well-fought contests, can refrain from lamenting the loss of so much British blood spilt in such a cause; or from weeping, on whatever side victory might be declared? Add

to this melancholy consideration, that on whichever side we look, we can perceive nothing but our natural and powerful enemies, or lukewarm and faithless friends, rejoicing in our calamities, or meditating our ultimate downfall.

WILLIAM PITT,*
1708-1778.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden ! with the meek, brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,—
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

* The second son of the Earl of Chatham. He was called "The Great Commoner;" being a second son he was not entitled to a seat in the House of Lords, and won his distinctions in the commons. He was always on the side of freedom and justice.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart ;
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807.

WASHINGTON.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not in-

dulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment, as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors.

All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence, as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham;* or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion and expression, as to regard the master-pieces of Raphael and Michel Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them.

We are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in five or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washing-

* Marcus Tullius Cicero, often called Tully; Chatham, (William Pitt), a distinguished orator and statesman of England.

ton has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era.

Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle;

when society has maintained its right against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

DANIEL WEBSTER.
1782-1852.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase !—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.
1784-1859.

BOLDNESS

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator? He answered, Action; what next?—Action; what next again?—Action. He said it that knew it best, and had, by nature, himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all.

But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first?—Boldness; what second and third?—Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts; but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevailleth with wise men at weak times.

Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle—Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the

top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled ; Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again ; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, " If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet, if they have the perfection of boldness, they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado.

Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold ; nay, and to the vulgar also boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous ; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not that great boldness is seldom without some absurdity ; especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must ; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come, but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay ; like a stale at chess,* when it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir ; but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation.

This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not danger and inconveniences : therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution ; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be second and under the direction of others ; for in counsel it is good to see dangers ; and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

FRANCIS BACON.

1561-1626.

* " A stale-mate " at chess is a position in which one of the players cannot move without putting his King in " check."

NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS THE FOUNDATION OF
NATIONAL CHARACTER.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the storehouse of its historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; * and going back to read, in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil; that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue; that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among nations.

Here we ought to go for our instruction; the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it happened to be a sickly babe, the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead, from the bosom of its mother, and

* Great battles in which the Greeks distinguished themselves. Leonidas commanded at Thermopylæ, and with 300 Spartans held the pass against the great army of Xerxes until all but one were slain.

carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus.

We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece ; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshops and door-posts of their masters, to go out and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times ; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home ; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theater ; out of the characters of our own fathers.

Them we know, the high-souled, natural, unaffected citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread ; it beats in our veins ; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause : " My sons, scorn to be slaves ! " but it cries with a still more moving eloquence, " My sons, forget not your fathers ! "

EDWARD EVERETT.

1794-1865.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

(FROM THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.)

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here .
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years !

Ah, then what honest triumph flushed my breast ;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest !
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt ;
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, “ Long may such goodness live ! ”
’T was all he gave—’t was all he had to give.

The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,

The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

SAMUEL ROGERS.
1763-1855.

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

(FROM PRUE AND I.)

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the west ; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps ; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched.

The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travelers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden Horn is my fish-preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna,—all in my Spanish Domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had play in the garden that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children.

They bound away together down the garden ; but
those voices linger, this time airingly calling,
“ Mother ! mother ! ”

I dream my dreams, and attend to my castles in
Spain. I have so much property there that I could
not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my
youth, and the hopes of my manhood, are stored
away, like precious stones, in the vaults ; and I know
that I shall find everything convenient, elegant, and
beautiful when I come into possession.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1824.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wear-
ing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and
children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop, “ Watch
and Wait.”

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits
first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks
between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts
green ;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living
bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at night-fall the pleasant land-breeze
died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock, and
wood, and sand ;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his
hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what
was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him,
weeping sore :
“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on
before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no
more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn
aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and
wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the
tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's
despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and
bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves
and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it
passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave
and wind :

"All my own have gone before, and I linger just behind ;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find !

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy
word !—

Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have
heard !—

Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of
Christ, our Lord !

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin !
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter in !"

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening
heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's
ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn
 upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went singing to its rest.

There was wailing on the main-land, from the rocks of
 Marblehead :
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer
 were read ;
And long by board and hearthstone, the living mourned
 the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the
 squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of
 Avery's Fall !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.
1808.

GEORGE III.

He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly,

and decided him in selecting the young Princess as the sharer of his throne.

They say the little Princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter, without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little Princess as me?" Charlotte said to her friend, Ida Von Bulou, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess, there is the sweetheart!" As she said, so it actually turned out.

The postman brought letters from the young King of all England, who said: "Princess, because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy, and went up-stairs and packed all her little trunks, and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers.

They met and were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the King winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—

little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest King would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune, after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance, or the Queen would play on the spinet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the King would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons.

He objected to painting St. Paul's as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when, I think, St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendors, crystal palace openings, Pope's chapels, with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed Angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents, as the first note strikes, indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the King was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and as a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his

behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the ancient concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from "Samson Agonistes," and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity and his affliction. He would beat time with his music roll as they sung the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music roll on young scapegrace's powdered head.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the King's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinet player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. "I am thinking," said the poor child. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me."

The sons were all wild except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the King's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat complaint of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead

there in the morning. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son ; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

(FROM MARMION.)

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! * stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand

* A name of Scotland.

Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love thee better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

ENGLISH TREES.

(FROM SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.)

When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous—leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England. Grass is an art and a science in England—it is an institution.

The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England. Trees here are an order of nobility ; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A

few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick* was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly: "O well, I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after a while!" Since that time another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generally hear made is: "Oh, I suppose we cannot think of showing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!"

Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river-bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria—these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New Haven, or overarch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence.

Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, "Excellent as the cedars."

* Catharine Maria Sedgwick, an American author.

They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the king-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the Holy Land in the old days of the Crusades ; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1812.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

(FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge :

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

DORLCOTE MILL.

(FROM THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.)

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships, laden with the fresh-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal, are borne along to the town of St. Ogg's, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs * and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun.

Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of beehive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows ; and every where the hedgerows are studded with trees : the distant ships seem

* Covered with red tiles : shingles are not used in England.

to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander along the bank and listen to its low placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember these large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge.

And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at it—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation and half-drowns the grassy fringe of the croft* in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to

* *Croft*, A small field adjoining a house or garden.

heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon, coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that hint!

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet, that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too: she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance

with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. . .

Ah! my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

GEORGE ELIOT, (Mrs. Lewes).

1820.

A SNOW STORM.

(FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.)

It was on a fierce and howling day that I was crossing the dreary moor at Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labor with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky,

and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills.

As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigor into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, and that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labors of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fire-side—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain, than as a thrifty pastime—the skillful mother, making auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own task round the singing maiden, the old traditionary tale told by some way-farer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbors, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic

life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted, and of the sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I traveled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers.

And now, I could discern, within half-an-hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

JOHN WILSON.*
1785-1854.

* Professor Wilson sometimes wrote under the name of Christopher North.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again, I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night, 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under, is fetter'd the thunder ;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea be-
Its ardors of rest and love, [neath,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor.
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And, wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl :
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
Build up the blue dome of air, [gleams,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
I rise and upbuild it again. [tomb,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSES IN 1685.

(FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.)

The coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to

speaking the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation, had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up in the time of the commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm.

The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The Government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been

constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities ; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow.

Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head-quarters. There were houses near Saint James Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris ; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theaters. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else.

Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like

a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage.

Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast.

There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year of 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then

a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lank haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.
1800-1859.

GRISELDE.*

(FROM CANTERBURY TALES.)

Not far from thilké palace honoráble,
There as this marquis schope his marriáge,
There stood a thorp of sighté delitáble,
In which that pooré folk of that villáge
Hadden their beastés and their herbergage,
And of their labor took their sustenánce
After the earthé gave them abundánce.

Among this pooré folk there dwelt a man
Which that was holden poorest of them all:
But highé God sometímé senden can
His grace unto a little oxé's stall;
Janicula, men of that thorp him call.
A daughter had he, fair enough to sight,
And Griseldé this youngé maiden hight.

* Syllables not usually accented are marked. *Thorp*, hamlet; *hight*, called; *wortés*, worts or plants; *shred*, cut in pieces; *seethe*, boil; *hir*, possessive plural, their; *on loft*, aloft, up.

But though this maiden tender were of age,
Yet, in the breast of her virginity,
There was enclosed ripe and sad courage ;
And in great reverence and charity
Her oldé pooré father fostered she ;
A few sheep, spinning, on the field she kept ;
She wouldé not been idle till she slept.

And, when she homeward came, she wouldé bring
Wortés and other herbés timés oft,
The which she shred and seethe for her living ;
And made her bed full hard and nothing soft ;
And aye she kept hir father's life on loft,
With every óbeisánce and diligence
That child may do to father's reverence.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
1328-1400.

DEPARTURE OF THADDEUS FROM WARSAW.

(FROM THADDEUS OF WARSAW.)

Poland was now no place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had seen his king a prisoner, and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on, musing over these circumstances, he met with little interruption ; for the streets were deserted. Here and there a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes already to repent the too-successful prayers of the deputation. The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes in the great square, which used to be crowded with happy

citizens, but now not one was to be seen. An awful and oppressive silence reigned over all. He sighed; and walking down the east street, ascended that part of the ramparts which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! Nothing remains of Poland but its soil! nothing of my home but its ashes!"

The Russians had pitched a detachment of tents amidst the ruins of Villanow; and were at this moment busying themselves in searching amongst the stupendous fragments for what plunder the fire might have spared.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "Heaven will requite this sacrilege." He thought on the Countess who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell, forever farewell, thou beloved Villanow, in which I have spent so many blissful years! I quit you, and my country, for ever!" As he spoke he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and pressing the picture of his mother to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet against which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber; determining to prepare that night for his departure the next morning.

He arose by daybreak; and having gathered together all his little wealth, the whole of which was compressed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his horse, precisely two hours before the triumphal car of General Suwarrow entered Warsaw,

Sobieski left it ; and as he rode over the streets, he bedewed its stones with his tears. They were the first that he had shed during the long series of his misfortunes ; and they now flowed so fast from his eyes that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped.

"Poor Saladin !" said Thaddeus, stroking his neck, "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw that, like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last look?"

His tears redoubled ; and the warder, as he opened the gate and closed it after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble Count Sobieski, before he turned his back on Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly around, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering step, until he reached that part of the river which divides Masovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse ; and standing for a moment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced, with his almost blinded eyes, the long and desolated lands through which he had passed ; then involuntarily dropping on his knees, he plucked a tuft of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell, Poland ! Farewell, all my earthly happiness !"

Almost stifled by his emotions, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom ; and remounting his horse, crossed the bridge. Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed which soon brought him to Dantzic.

After having spent a few days in this town, by much mental exertion, he regained some firmness of mind. It was a calm arising from the conviction that his afflictions had gained their summit, and that however heavy they were, heaven laid them on as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief, he ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

Having entered into an arrangement with the master of a vessel to carry him across the sea, he found that the strength of his finances would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering these circumstances, he saw the impossibility of taking his horse with him to England. This was a distressing dilemma.

"To part from my faithful Saladin," said he to himself, "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers, and has come with me even into exile—it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each other, he again turned to the stall: "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, inquired who occupied the fine mansion and park on the east of the town. The man replied, "Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic above forty years."

"I am glad he is a Briton!" was the sentiment which succeeded this information in the Count's

mind, who immediately taking his resolution, had hardly prepared to put it into execution when he received a summons from the captain to be on board in half an hour, as the wind had set fair.

Thaddeus, rather disconcerted by this hasty call, with a depressed heart, wrote the following letter to Mr. Hoptown.

"Sir,—A Polish officer, who has sacrificed everything but his honor to the best interests of his country, now addresses you. You are a Briton : and of whom can a victim to the cause of freedom with less debasement solicit an obligation ! I cannot afford support to the horse which has carried me through the battles of this fatal war. I disdain to sell him ; and therefore I implore you, by the respect that you pay to the memory of your ancestors, who struggled for, and retained that liberty in the defence of which we are thus reduced !—I implore you to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude by an unfortunate

"POLANDER.

"*Dantzic, November, 1794.*"

The Count having sealed and directed this letter, went into the hotel yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. These few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle : and he appeared from the stable, prancing and pawing the earth as he used to do when Thaddeus was going to mount him for the field.

The groom was striving in vain to restrain the spirit of the horse, when the Count took hold of his bridle. The noble animal knew his master, and became as gentle as a lamb. After stroking him two or three times, with a bursting heart, he returned

the reins into the man's hand, and at the same time gave him the letter.

"There," said he, "take that note and the horse directly to the house of Mr. Hopetown. Leave them; for the letter requires no answer."

So saying he walked out of the yard towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ship, and within an hour set sail for England; where he arrived in a few days, and going ashore near to the Tower of London, took a hackney coach, and proceeded to an hotel.

JANE PORTER.

1776-1830.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew;
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the wind and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter ,
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then, far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.
1795-1856.

ST. NICHOLAS MYRA.

(FROM SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.)

Of all patron saints, St. Nicholas is, perhaps, the most universally popular and interesting. While knighthood had its St. George, serfhood had its St. Nicholas; he was emphatically the saint of the people; the *bourgeois* saint, invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the laborer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner.

the slave . he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout all Catholic* Europe, children are still taught to reverence St. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his peculiar care ; if they are good, docile, and attentive to their studies, St. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their cap or their stocking with dainties ; while he has, as certainly, a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly.

Effigies of this most benign bishop, with his splendid embroidered robes, all glittering with gold and jewels, his miter, his crosier, and his three balls† or his three attendant children, meet us at every turn, and can never be regarded but with some kindly association of feeling. No saint in the calendar has so many churches, chapels, and altars dedicated to him. In England I suppose there is hardly a town without one church at least bearing his name.

It would be in vain to attempt to establish this popular predilection and wide-spread fame on anything like historical evidence. All that can be certainly known of him is, that a bishop of this name, venerable for his piety and benevolence, was honored in the East as early as the sixth century ; that in the Greek Church he takes rank immediately after the great fathers ; that the Emperor Justinian dedicated to him a church in Constantinople about the

*“*Catholic*” is sometimes used for “Roman Catholic” by Protestant writers. The word “Catholic” is in the creed of all Christians.

†The three balls represent the three purses of gold which he threw into the window of a nobleman whose daughters were starving.

year 560; and that since the tenth century he has been known and revered in the West, and became one of the greatest patron saints of Italy and the northern nations about the beginning of the twelfth century. There is no end to the stories and legends in which he appears as a chief actor.

Nicholas was born at Panthera, a city of the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor. As he grew up he was distinguished among all other children for his gravity and his attention to his studies. His parents, seeing him full of these holy dispositions, thought that they could not do better than dedicate him to the service of God; and accordingly they did so. When Nicholas was ordained priest, although he had been before remarkable for his sobriety and humility, he became more modest in countenance, more grave in speech, more rigorous in self-denial, than ever. When he was still a youth his father and mother died of the plague, and he remained sole heir of their vast riches; but he looked upon himself as merely the steward of God's mercies, giving largely to all who needed.

Now in that city there dwelt a certain nobleman, who had three daughters, and, from being rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat, and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father

alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man.

He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and, while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open ; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned the eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night ; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid ; therefore he determined to watch, and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

Many other great and good actions did St. Nicholas perform ; but at length he died, yielding up his soul to God with great joy and thankfulness, on the sixth day of December, in the year of our Lord, 326, and he was buried in a magnificent church, which was in the city of Myra.

MRS. JAMESON.

1797-1860.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there ;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then, from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbow on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

1795-1820.

THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

(FROM THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.)

The troops refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac.

In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some

Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.” High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins, even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted be-

fore their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty? It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

But these feelings of admiration were soon followed by others of a very different complexion; as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded, as they had done on some former occasions, to be led back again to Vera Cruz.

Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the general. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and, if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed, as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted, while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey.

By argument, entreaty, and menace, he endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as for-

tune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the general had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

1796-1859.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and, if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 't is well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself 'o nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowring thorn ;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvver stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.
1759-1796.

THE IRISH POSTILION.

From the inn-yard came a hackney-chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state ; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and rope for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness ; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives ; their bones starting through their skin ; one lame, the other blind ; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast ; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged for-

ward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's-length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat showing his bare legs, marbled of many colors; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles.

The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: "I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants." The inn-keeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed: "*Sorrow* better chaise in the country!" "*Sorrow*!" said I, "what do you mean by sorrow?" "That there's no better, plase your honor, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Anyway, there's no better can be seen than this same." "And these horses!" cried I. "Why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand." "Oh, plase your honor, though he can't stand, he'll *go* fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honor. He's always that way at first setting out." "And that wretched animal with the galled breast!" "He's all the better for it when once he warms! its he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honor. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year ole at the same time?"

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other ; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachmanlike, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. "Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion," said he. A friezecoat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. "Where are you, Hosey?" cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. "Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg," replied Hosey. "Throw me up," added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers, "Arrah, push me up, can't ye?" A man took hold of his knee and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.'

In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last, both his adversaries dumbfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to my postilions, bidding them "get on, and not be stopping the way any longer."

"Never fear." reiterated Paddy, "I'll engage I'll

be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at at a *nonplush*; but I'll show him the *differ*."

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twiching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

"Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? O the the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now; he's come to; and I'll be his bail, he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can match him. 'T would be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse anyway, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

1767-1849.

RHYME AND REASON.

Two children of the olden time,
In Flora's primrose season,
Were born. The name of one was Rhyme,
That of the other Reason.
And both were beautiful and fair,
And pure as mountain stream and air.

As the boys together grew,
Happy fled their hours—
Grief or care they never knew
In the Paphian bowers.
See them roaming, hand in hand,
The pride of all the choral band !

Music with harp of golden strings,
Love with bow and quiver,
Airy sprites on radiant wings,
Nymphs of wood and river,
Joined the Muses' constant song,
As Rhyme and Reason passed along.

But the scene was changed—the boys
Left their native soil—
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,
Reason's manly toil :
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

Since the dark and fatal hour,
When the brothers parted,
Reason has had wealth and power—
Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted !
And now, or bright or stormy weather,
They twain are seldom seen together.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1801-1864.

UPON REGULATING THE CONVERSATION.

(A LETTER FROM SIR MATTHEW HALE TO HIS CHILDREN.)

Dear Children—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech ; because much of good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself ; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker ; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell the truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it ; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking ; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment ; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak ; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies ; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with ; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them · and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely ; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it ; most probably he has either deceived and abused you or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you ; and it is fulsome and displeasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the conditions or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression, and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reprov'd, but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages

or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain."

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practice them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment, for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honor your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honor that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry,

to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want ; and provide conveniently for the poor. I pray God to fill your hearts with His grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving Him ; and that His blessing, and presence, and direction may be with you, and over you all.

I am your ever loving father,

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

1609-1676.

THE SCRIPTORIUM.*

(FROM THE GOLDEN LEGEND.)

It is growing dark ! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord !
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen ;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I labored on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse !
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,

* The copying-room in a monastery.

Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me ! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.
God forgive me ! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla* herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
Saint Ulric† himself never made a better !
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,

* *Saint Thecla* is honored as the first female martyr in the Greek Church.

† *St. Ulric*, Bishop of Augsburg ; venerated as one of the Fathers of the German Church.

God forgive me ! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain ;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807.

AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

(FROM ITALIAN JOURNEYS.)

It is proper, after seeing the sites of some of the principal temples in Pompeii (such as those of Jupiter and Venus), to cross the fields that cover a great breadth of the buried city, and look into the amphitheater, where, as everybody knows, the lions had no stomach for Glaucus on the morning of the fatal eruption.* The fields are now planted with cotton, and of course we thought those commonplaces about the wonder the Pompeians would feel could they come back to see that New World plant growing above their buried homes. We might have told them, the day of our visit, that this cruel plant, so long watered with the tears of slaves, and fed with the blood of men, was now an exile from its native fields, where war was plowing with sword and shot the guilty land, and rooting up the subtlest fibers of the oppression in which cotton had grown

* See Bulwer's "The Last Days of Pompeii."

king. And the ghosts of wicked old Pompeii, remembering the manifold sins that called the fires of hell to devour her, and thinking on this exiled plant, the latest witness of God's unforgetting justice, might well have shuddered, through all their shadow, to feel how terribly He destroys the enemies of Nature and man.

But the only Pompeian presences which haunted our passage of the cotton-field were certain small "phantoms of delight," with soft black eyes and graceful ways, who ran before us and plucked the bolls of the cotton and sold them to us. Embassies bearing red and white grapes were also sent out of the cottages to our excellencies ; and there was some doubt of the currency of the coin which we gave these poor children in return.

There are but few peasants living on the land over the head of Pompeii, and the Government allows no sales of real estate to be made except to itself. The people who still dwell here can hardly be said to own their possessions, for they are merely allowed to cultivate the soil. A guard stationed night and day prevents them from making excavations, and they are severely restricted from entering the excavated quarters of the city alone.

The cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred ; happy the generation that lives to learn the wonderful secrets of that sepulcher ! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dreamland forever. O marvelous city ! Who

shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other!

What is it comes to me, at this distance, of that which I saw at Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of their many-tinted walls; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden spaces with pigmy statues suited to their littleness; suits of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescos; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theater, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiæ; and in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven; —these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest. For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii.

The amphitheater, to which we come now, after our stroll across the cotton-fields, was small, like the

vastest things in Pompeii, and had nothing of the stately magnificence of the Arena at Verona, nor anything of the Roman Coliseum's melancholy and ruinous grandeur. But its littleness made it all the more comfortable and social, and, seated upon its benches under a cool awning, one could have almost chatted across the arena with one's friends; could have witnessed the spectacle on the sands without losing a movement of the quick gladiators, or an agony of the victim given to the beasts—which must have been very delightful to a Pompeian of companionable habits and fine feelings. It is quite impossible, however, that the bouts described by Bulwer as taking place all at the same time on the arena should really have done so; the combatants would have rolled and tumbled and trampled over each other an hundred times in the narrow space.

Of all the voices with which it once rang the poor little amphitheater has kept only an echo. But this echo is one of the most perfect ever heard; prompt, clear, startling, it blew back the light chaff we threw to it with amazing vehemence, and almost made us doubt if it were not a direct human utterance. Yet how was Ventisei to know our names? And there was no one else to call them but ourselves. Our "*dolce duca*"* gathered a nosegay from the crumbling ledges, and sat down in the cool of the once cruel cells beneath, and put it prettily together for the ladies. When we had wearied ourselves with the echo he arose and led us back into Pompeii.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

1837.

* Pleasant guide.

THE HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

Nature attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day, best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On nature write, with every beam, His praise.
 The thunder rolls ; be hushed the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake ! a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela,* charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

JAMES THOMSON.
 1700-1748.

FALSTAFF'S MEN IN BUCKRAM.

(FROM KING HENRY IV.)

Falstaff. A King's son ! If I do not beat thee
 out of thy kingdom with a daggar of lath, and drive
 all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese,
 I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince
 of Wales !

Prince. Why, you round man, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? answer me to that ;
 —and Pointz there ?

Pointz. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an' ye call me
 coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee hang'd ere
 I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand
 pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are
 straight enough in the shoulders ; you care not who

* A name of the nightingale, from Greek mythology.

sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague on such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I.

Prince What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us is it: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw; *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. „Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. —And bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man c them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or sev fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince. What, four? thou said'st but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pointz. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Pointz. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. (*Aside.*) Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.
These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince. (*Aside.*) So, two more already.

Fal. —their points being broken,—

Pointz. Down fell their hose.

Fal. —began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. (*Aside.*) O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou notty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell me your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Pointz. Come, tell us your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.—

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin : this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee !—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to 't again ; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this :—

Pointz. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then to say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Pointz. Come, let's hear, Jack : what trick hast thou now ?

Fal. Why look ye, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? Should I turn upon the true Prince ? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules ; but beware instinct : the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter ;

I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. (*To Mrs. QUICKLY within.*) Hostess, clap to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince. Content ;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

MY MOTHER.

(FROM LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.)

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day ;
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived—

By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more—
Children not thine, have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,—
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap.
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all the kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber, made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid.
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,—
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;—

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink and jessamine,—
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile);
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart; the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy new bound spirit into bonds again.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; *
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

* Cowper was descended by four different lines from Henry II.

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE.

(ON HIS RECEPTION BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DEC. 10,
1824.)

GENERAL: The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of presenting to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States, in compliance with the wishes of Congress, and to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theater of your glory and renown.

Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of our revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered, and the signal services, in America and in Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country.

But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which the House of Representatives entertain for you.

Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to regulated liberty, in all the vicissitudes

of a long and arduous life, also commands its admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, amidst, as after the dispersion of, every political storm, the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect; cheering and animating with your well-known voice the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so nobly and freely spilt in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site.

In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country, and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which

surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.

HENRY CLAY.
1777-1852.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

(AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.)

"Give us a song !" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :

Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldier ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAY
1825-1878

LONDON BEGGARS.

If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captive, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He wear-eth all colors, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quakers.' He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuation of agriculture or commercial prosperity toucheth him not, or at worst, but changeth his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by beggars are (I verily believe), misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised

with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning's walk from Peckham (or some village thereabouts), where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his half-penny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus,* that sate begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognized his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving any alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking and looking up with his no eyes in the sun.

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Readers, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give and ask no questions*. "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such), comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven

* St. Mark, X, 46.

small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest), that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through thy rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—

The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
1794-1878.

CAMPING IN A STORM.

(FROM ELDORADO)

It was now beginning to grow dark, and a rain coming on. We were seven miles from the Volcano, and would have preferred remaining for the night, had the miners given any encouragement to our hints on the subject. Instead of this, it seemed to us that they were suspicious of our being spies upon their prospecting, so we left them and again

plunged into the forest. Regaining the proper trail we went at a rapid rate through gloomy ravines, which were canopied by thick mist. It grew darker, and the rain began to fall. We pushed on in silence, hoping to reach some place of shelter, but the trail became more and more indistinct, till at last we kept it with our feet rather than our eyes. I think we must have walked in it a mile after we ceased entirely to see it.

Once or twice we heard yells in the distance, which we took to be those of a party of the hostile Indians. The air grew pitchy dark, and the rain fell so fast, that we lost the trail and determined to stop for the night. We had just crossed a sort of divide, and our position, as near as we could tell in the gloom, was at the entrance of a deep ravine, entirely covered with forests, and therefore a tolerably secure covert.

I had two or three matches in my pocket, from which we struck a flame, at the foot of a pine tree. We fed it daintily at first with the dry needles and filaments of bark, till it grew strong enough and hungry enough to dry its own fuel. Swinging with our whole might to the ends of the boughs, we snapped off sufficient to last for the night, and then lay down on the dark side of the tree, with our arms between us to keep them dry.

The cold, incessant rain, pouring down through the boughs, soon drenched us quite, and we crawled around to the other side. The Indians, like Death, love a shining mark; and the thought of an arrow sent out of the gloom around us, made our backs

feel uncomfortable as we stood before the fire. Lying in the rain, however, without blankets, was equally unpleasant; so we took alternate half-hours of soaking and drying.

Salt pork and exercise combined, gave us an intolerable thirst, to allay which we made torches of cedar bark and went down to the bottom of the ravine for water. There was none to be found; and we were about giving up the search when we came to a young pine, whose myriad needles were bent down with the burden of rain-drops. No nectar was ever half so delicious. We caught the twigs in our mouths and drained them dry, then cut down the tree and carried it back in triumph to our fire, where we planted it, and let the rain fill up its aromatic beakers.

The night seemed interminable. The sound of the rain was like stealthy footsteps on the leaves; the howling of wolves and the roar of water-falls at a distance, startled us. Occasionally, the tread of some animal among the trees—possibly a deer, attracted by the flame—put all our senses on the alert. Just before daybreak the storm ceased, and in ten minutes afterward the sky was without a cloud.

The morning broke brightly and cheeringly. We resumed the path, which led into a grassy meadow about a mile long, at the further end of which we struck a wagon trail. A saucy wolf came down to the edge of the woods, and barked at us most impertinently, but we did not think him worth the powder. The air was fragrant with the smell of

cedar—a species of the *thuya*—which here grows to the height of two hundred feet. Its boles are perfectly straight and symmetrical, and may be split with the axe into boards and shingles. Many of the trees had been felled for this purpose, and lay by the roadside.

From the top of a little ridge we looked down into the valley of the Volcano, and could see the smoke rising from the tents. The encampment is in a deep basin, surrounded by volcanic hills, several of which contain extinct craters. A small stream flows through the midst. The tents and cabins of the miners are on the lower slopes of the hills, and the diggings are partly in the basin and partly in gulches which branch off from its northern side. The location is very beautiful, and more healthy than the large rivers.

BAYARD TAYLOR.
1825-1878.

A HYMN OF PEACE.

(SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15th, 1869.)

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long !
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love !
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove,
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,—
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love ;
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long !

Brothers, we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea!
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine !

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain !
Hark a new birth-song is filling the sky !—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply ;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply ;
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main !
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky !
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain !

~
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
1809.

THE BABY.

(FROM AURORA LEIGH.)

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face ;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings ; everything so soft
And tender—to the little hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't.

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence,—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved.
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
1807-1861.

A-HUNTING OF THE DEER.

(FROM IN THE WILDERNESS.)

The doe was feeding, daintily cropping the tender leaves of the young shoots, and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal, and now lay curled up on a bed of moss, watching contentedly, with his large, soft brown eyes, every movement of his mother. The great eyes followed her with an alert entreaty; and, if the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement, as if to rise and follow her. You see, she was his sole dependence in all the world. But he was quickly reassured when she turned her gaze on him; and if, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once, and, with every demonstration of affection, licked his mottled skin till it shone again.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She took a step ; she turned her head to the south ; she listened intently. There was a sound,—a distant, prolonged note, bell-toned, pervading the woods, shaking the air in smooth vibrations. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. She shook like the sensitive mimosa when a footstep approaches. It was the baying of a hound ! It was far off—at the foot of the mountain. Time enough to fly ; time enough to put miles between her and the hound, before he should come upon her fresh trail ; time enough to escape away through the dense forest, and hide in the recesses of Panther Gorge ; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn.

The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat : the doe turned ; she came back ; she couldn't leave it. She bent over it and licked it, and seemed to say, "Come, my child : we are pursued : we must go." She walked away towards the West, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs, and through the rasping bushes. By all the means at her command the doe urged her young one on ; but it was slow work. She might have been a mile away while they were making a few rods.

Shortly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and re-echoed by other bayings along the mountain-side. The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail,

and the whole pack responded to the "view-halloo." The danger was certain now : it was near. She could not crawl on in this way : the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight ; the fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and bleated piteously. The baying, emphasized now by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible. The doe returned and stood by it, head erect, and nostrils distended. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

According to all human calculations she was going into the jaws of death. So she was : all human calculations are selfish. She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly. She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard-wood. It was freer going here, and the cry of the pack echoed more resoundingly in the great spaces. She was going due East, when (judging by the sound, the hounds were not far off, though they were still hidden by a ridge) she turned short away to the north, and kept on at a good pace. In five minutes more she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

The hunted doe went down the "open," clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight. But consider what a shot it was ! If the deer, now, could only have been caught ! No doubt there were tender hearted people

in the valley who would have spared her life, shut her up in a stable, and petted her. Was there one who would have let her go back to her waiting fawn? It is the business of civilization to tame or kill.

The doe went on. She left the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood-path. As she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight; but she could hear them coming down the hill. There was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and, as she touched the bank, heard the "ping" of a rifle-bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more she was in the opening: she leaped into the traveled road.

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone: she was game to the tip of her high-bred ears. But the fearful pace at which she had just been going told on her. Her legs trembled and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. She slowed her speed perforce, but still fled industriously up the right bank of the stream. When she had gone a couple of miles, and the dogs were evidently gaining again, she crossed the broad, deep brook, climbed the steep left bank, and fled on in the direction of the Mount-Marcy trail. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She knew, by their uncertain yelping up and down the opposite bank, that she had a little respite: she used it, however, to push on until the baying was faint in her ears; and then she dropped, exhausted, upon the ground.

This rest, brief as it was, saved her life. Roused again by the baying pack, she leaped forward with better speed, though without that keen feeling of exhilarating flight that she had in the morning. It was still a race for life; but the odds were in her favor, she thought. She did not appreciate the dogged persistence of the hounds, nor had any inspiration told her that the race is not to the swift. She was a little confused in her mind where to go; but an instinct kept her course to the left, and consequently farther away from her fawn. Going now slower, and now faster, as the pursuit seemed more distant or nearer, she kept to the south-west, crossed the stream again, left Panther Gorge on her right, and ran on by Haystack and Skylight in the direction of the Upper Ausable Pond.

I do not know her exact course through this maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and frightful wildernesses. I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs, lying down at intervals, and then spurred on by the cry of the remorseless dogs, until, late in the afternoon, she staggered down the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake: two men were in it. One was rowing: the other had a gun in his hand. They were looking towards her: they had seen her. (She did not know that they had heard the baying of hounds on

the mountains, and had been lying in wait for her an hour.) What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run. With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake, and struck obliquely across.

Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the center of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence. Then there was a splash of the water, just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "Confound it all!" and a rattle of the oars again. The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned irresolutely to the shore whence she came: the dogs were lapping the water, and howling there. She turned again to the center of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a minister of some sort of everlasting gospel. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head, and looked at him with her great, appealing eyes.

"I can't do it! my soul, I can't do it!" and he dropped the paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

The guide slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting-knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit, and came back. His doe was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the fawn in a helpless sort of way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child,—nothing but his sympathy. If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but, really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father; but you can't live on *them*. Let us travel."

The buck walked away; the little one toddled after him. They disappeared in the forest.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

1829.

THE SONG OF THE POTTER.

(FROM KERAMOS.)

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:

So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel ! All things must change
To something new, to something strange :
 Nothing that is can pause or stay :
The moon will wax, the moon will wane
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
 To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! All life is brief ;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
 What now is leaf will soon decay ;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west ,
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
 And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar :
 And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou ? Thou hast no hand ?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
 Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'T is Nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
 The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray :
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings ;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
 The harvest-home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
 Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,

All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day ;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday :
Behind us in our path we cast,
The broken potsherds of the Past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
1807.

USES OF GREAT MEN.

(FROM REPRESENTATIVE MEN.)

As plants convert the minerals into food for animals, so each man converts some raw material in nature to human use. The inventors of fire, electricity, magnetism, iron, lead, glass, linen, silk, cotton; the makers of tools; the inventor of decimal notation; the geometer; the engineer; the musician,—severally make an easy way for all, through unknown and impossible confusions. Each man is, by secret

liking, connected with some district of nature, whose agent and interpreter he is,—as Linnæus, of plants; Huber, of bees; Fries, of lichens; Van Mons, of pears; Dalton, of atomic forms; Euclid, of lines; Newton, of fluxions.*

We sit by the fire, and take hold on the poles of the earth. This *quasi* omnipresence supplies the imbecility of our condition. In one of those celestial days, when heaven and earth meet and adorn each other, it seems a poverty that we can only spend it once: we wish for a thousand heads, a thousand bodies, that we might celebrate its immense beauty in many ways and places. Is this fancy? Well, in good faith, we are multiplied by our proxies. How easily we adopt their labors! Every ship that comes to America gets its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor.

Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky. Engineer, broker, jurist, physician, moralist, theologian, and every man, inas-much as he has any science, is a definer and map-maker of the latitudes and longitudes of our condition. These road-makers on every hand enrich us. We must extend the area of life, and multiply our relations. We are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth, as by acquiring a new planet.

* Fluxions, a mathematical term, a method of calculation. *Quasi* almost.

Men are helpful through the intellect and the affections. Other help, I find a false appearance. If you affect to give me bread and fire, I perceive that I pay for it the full price, and at last it leaves me as it found me, neither better nor worse: but all mental and moral force is a positive good. It goes out from you, whether you will or not, and profits one whom you never thought of. I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution.

We are emulous of all that men can do. Cecil's saying of Sir Walter Raleigh, "I know that he can toil terribly," is an electric touch. So are Clarendon's portraits,—of Hampden; "who was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts,"—of Falkland; "who was so severe an adorer of truth, that he could as easily have given himself leave to steal, as to dissemble." We cannot read Plutarch,* without a tingling of the blood; and I accept the saying of the Chinese Mencius: "A sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners of Loo are heard of, the stupid become intelligent, and the wavering, determined."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1803.

* *Plutarch*, an eminent Greek scholar, the greatest biographer of antiquity: born about A.D. 50.

TO A THRUSH.

(SINGING IN THE VILLAGE IN JANUARY.)

Sweet bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone,
(They stayed but half a day)
The berries bright hang ling'ring on ;
Yet thou hast learn'd thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brush'd thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,
Dim roaming days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast wing'd his sprite
Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
And dearest friends in sight ;

That simple, fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,

And lit awhile the gleam divine
That bless'd his infant prayer.

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile ;
While hearts, he deem'd, beat true and right,
Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny, morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;
The dim dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise and boldly strive ;
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring,
Are truer far than we.

JOHN KEBLE.
1792-1866.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME.

(FROM THE NEWCOMES.)

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Greyfriars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him ; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious ;

it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the house hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him; he hoped too; but not with a hopeful face.

A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him,—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed, gown-boy* of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry

* It is the custom in English schools for pupils of certain grades to wear a black gown. This scholastic habit is sometimes worn by clergymen in preaching, instead of the white robe, or surplice.

ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle almost as childishly about Doctor Raine, and his own early school-days.

The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and, I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holi-

day, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peters' boys in the green, and Greyfriars was in and winning.

The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre!* * little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" † But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a good deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de

* *I, curre*, "go, run!"

† *Toujours*, "always!"

Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still, once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Leonore, Leonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "*Adsum!*"* and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

* *Adsum*, "Present!" The answer at roll-call.

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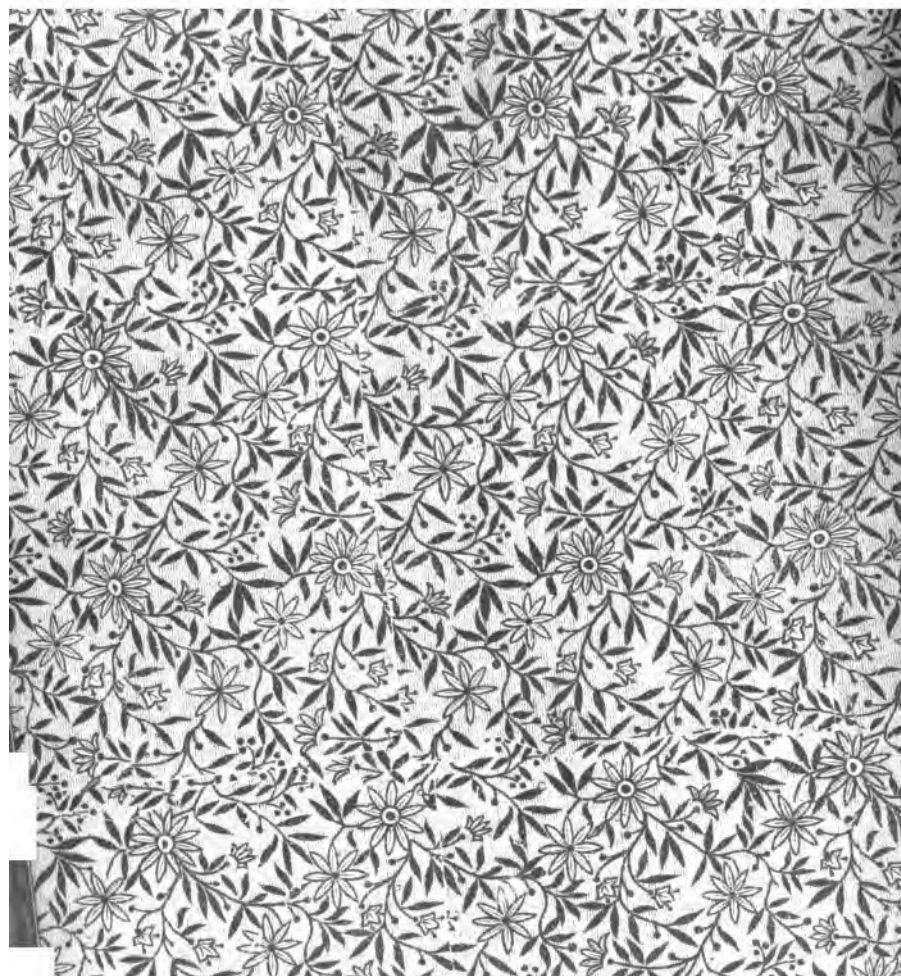
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